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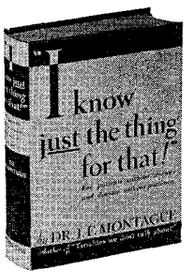

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From the Contents

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Steam Fights Back.

Sir:

I have read with a great deal of interest Mr. Donald Wilhelm's article entitled "Steam Fights Back."

Mr. Wilhelm has dealt with a highly controversial subject very impartially, and I am indebted to you. . . .

Yours very truly,
E. W. BEATTY,
Chairman and President,
Canadian Pacific Railway Company.
Montreal.

———o———

An Authoritative Piece.

Sirs:

I tremendously enjoyed Mr. Berchtold's article (*"Battle of the Wave Lengths,"* NEW OUTLOOK, Mar., '35), which is one of the most accurate radio stories I have read in a long time. So many stories on radio are, unfortunately, so far from facts that it is refreshing to find an authoritative piece.

I was particularly interested in reading *"The Phantom Clause."* Hickok is certainly an easy writer and he made a subject which would ordinarily be quite dead sparkle with interest.

Cordially yours,
FRANK E. MASON,
Vice-President,
National Broadcasting Co.
New York.

———o———

The Doctor Is Answered.

Sir:

My attention has been called to a letter by one G. H. Hellen, M.D., which appeared in the December '34 issue of NEW OUTOOK. If G. H. Hellen is a medical doctor, I feel that the medical profession is insulted after such a sweeping production.

Some of the best teachers in the world are found in the priesthood and sisterhood and we have many of them. . . . Very incidentally, the money grabbers in Mexico will soon pass out in insignificance and the church will be restored to its proper place. I thought that bigotry was fast on the decline. I like once in a while to read and write about dead bigots.

NEW OUTLOOK, to my mind, will go far towards restoring America.

Very truly yours,
REV. TIMOTHY L. REDDIN.
St. Mary's Church,
Sheldon, N. D.

———o———

The Land Is Gone.

Sir:

I have read with great interest and pleasure the admirable article entitled "The Land Is Gone," which appeared in the February issue of NEW OUTLOOK, and in which you call attention to the useful service industrial museums perform. . . .

The transcendent and far-flung prestige of our educational institutions is sufficiently obvious to all, and we think of them chiefly in terms of oral instruction; yet the modern museum of science and industry, with its wealth of operating or operable exhibits and its illustration of fundamental theories by useful, practical applications, is also a very real and a very great university whose field is almost co-extensive with human knowledge. . . .

. . . Such a museum is the one great factor which has been lacking in our educational system and, thanks to the vision and generosity of the late Henry R. Towne, the New York Museum of Science and Industry has already made a fine start in the direction of filling this need.

Yours cordially,
MARSTON T. BOGERT,
Department of Chemistry,
Columbia University.
New York City.

———o———

Tired Mothers Who Read.

Sir:

Thanks a lot for your wise article on the nursery school ("They Train The Young Idea," NEW OUTLOOK, Feb., '35). I think it is a good idea to include an occasional article for tired mothers. We do read sometimes.

I still boil over Professor Joachim Friedrich's article in the October *Atlantic* attacking the progressive school.

With warm greetings,
MRS. M. S. LYMAN.
Port Washington, N. Y.

———o———

Buried on the Moon.

Sir:

"Men of Space" (NEW OUTLOOK, Oct., '34), brought to those of us who know nothing of the breath-taking feats of science, except what we read about, such a wealth of information that I feel under obligations to write you my appreciation.

Most of us are perfectly content to remain on solid ground, but you have interested us in the experiment of those who are getting ready to dispatch a few scientists on their way to the moon. We have reached a place where we are not surprised at anything, so when some rocket company announces that the trans-Atlantic rocket shot "in twenty minutes to Paris" took place today at two P. M., we'll sit by our radios and calmly take notice of this latest achievement. We'll begin to speculate on regular trans-oceanic rocket service, and on the first sure fire rocket that shall have hit the moon.

It is something to dream of being buried in the moon. But Robert I. Hanna's real monument will be erected on the earth. It will be his zeal in promoting these scientific investigations. Ten years are not so very long to wait and see whether men succeed

NEW OUTLOOK, April, 1935
Volume 165 Number 4

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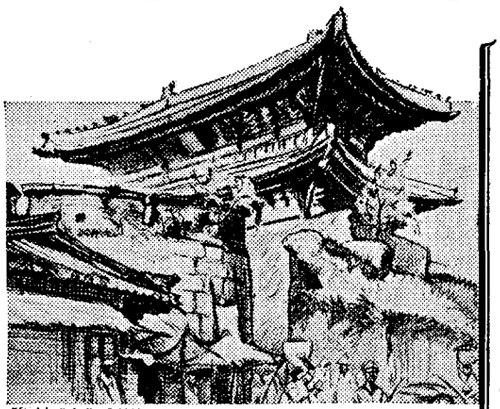

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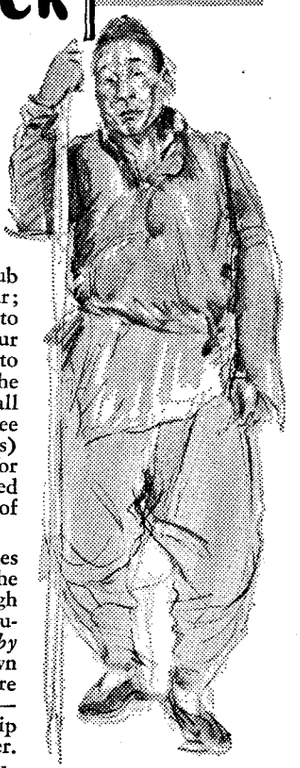

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—DOROTHY CANFIELD

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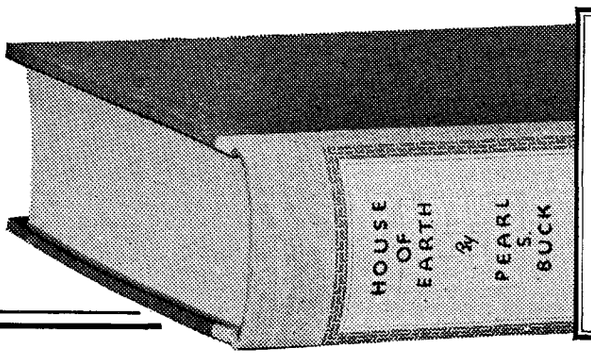

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Thanks for your interesting "Men of Space." . . .

Very cordially yours,
LAURENCE C. JONES.

Piney Woods, Miss.

—o—

Rocket in Space.

Sir:

In the Oct., '34, issue of your magazine in "Men of Space" by Ugo Andres, he said the following: "The rocket can propel itself even in empty space. Contrary to the popular notion it needs no air to push against: it does better when there is no air to impede its progress."

I have been asked to write to you to ask proof of this statement. If this statement is true, we should like to know, can a rocket ship turn in space?

Sincerely,
RICHARD OLSON.

Osseo, Minn.

G. Edward Pendray, president of the American Rocket Society, resolves Mr. Olson's quandary as follows:

Your question is one that is often asked, and fortunately is easy to answer. The proposition that a rocket can propel itself in a vacuum and needs no air to push against is inherent in the theory of the rocket, the performance of which depends upon the law of thermodynamics which states that *every action must have an equal and opposite reaction.*

Our most ordinary experience with this law is the kicking of a gun. When a gun is fired the kick represents the reaction. The force of the kick is equal to the velocity of the gun, multiplied by its mass, which in turn is exactly equal to the velocity of the bullet, times *its* mass. In a rocket we have literally billions of tiny bullets: the atoms of gas being ejected. The reaction of the rocket will be equal to the velocity of the atoms of ejected gas multiplied by their total mass. The mathematical equation for this relationship is MV=mv.

You will observe that the presence of air is not necessary. As a matter of fact, it can be shown that the air actually reduces the efficiency of a rocket. The atmosphere impedes the rocket in two ways: it opposes the forward progress of the projectile, and simultaneously hinders the free escape of gas at the nozzle, cutting down the amount of mass that can be ejected in a given time.

The statement that a rocket can drive itself in a vacuum does not depend on theory only. It has been proved experimentally by several scientists, among them Dr. Robert H. Goddard, the American physicist. Theory shows that a rocket should be about 20 per cent more efficient in a vacuum than in air at sea level. Experimental evidence indicates that this is about right.

As for your second question: "Can a rocket turn in space?" the answer is Yes. The rocket itself can be turned by several possible methods, the most direct being a series of rocket shots in a sidewise direction. It could also be accomplished simply by spinning a wheel on a fixed axis in the rocket.

—Ed.

—o—

Shakespeare and Hesitation.

Sir:

I have just read "The Gov't Goes to Hollywood" by Thompson Price (NEW OUTLOOK, Feb., '35). On page 61, referring to the average motion picture executive, he says: "But then he recalls a dictum that Shakespeare once set forth about what happens to the man who hesitates, and he hurries away. Yes, believe it or not, he has read Shakespeare. There are plenty of cultured men in the line."

For all I know motion picture executives may read Shakespeare, but it is plain that your contributor, Thompson Price, has never done so to any extent. The phrase "He who hesitates is lost" is most certainly not in Shakespeare.

You had best give your contributor a jolt for trying to palm himself off as a Shakespearean scholar and thus lowering the tone of your most excellent magazine.

Very sincerely yours,
WOODBURN HARRIS.

Vergennes, Vt.

"He who hesitates is lost" is probably not to be found specifically in any classical literature, but the ideology belongs to Shakespeare probably more than to any other author. Mr. Price, it is to be observed, did not make a direct quotation, but he surely could have cited many passages, notably from *"Hamlet"* and *"Macbeth,"* conveying the same essential thought. At random there are, "Defer no time; delays have dangerous ends," from *"First Henry VI"*; and "The fool will stay and let the wise man fly," from *"King Lear."* Addison, in his *"Cato,"* makes it a matter of sex, stating, "The woman that deliberates is lost." "Delays are dangerous," with variations, may be culled from the works of several English Restoration dramatists; and the adverse judgment about thinking too long in a crisis may be traced at least

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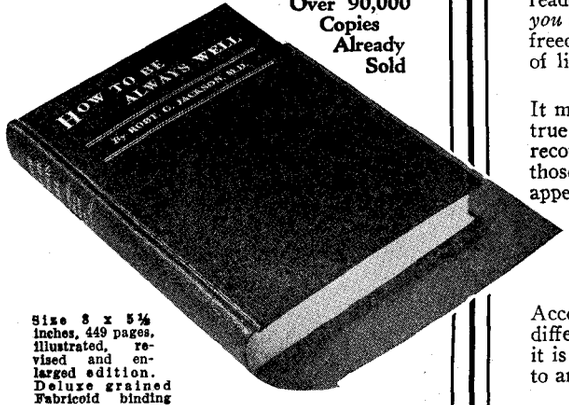

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as far back as the *"Deliberando saepe perit occasio"* of Publilius Syrus, the ancient dramatist whose mimes were popular in provincial Italy in the 1st Century B. C.—Ed.

—o—

Spades and Guns.

Sir:

It appears that your excellent journal is overlooking one of the most important situations in modern history, namely, the use of the armed forces of a rival nation by an equally powerful nation entirely for the benefits of the latter.

England today is using America's armed forces and America's prestige and power to threaten Japan into a retreat from Asia. This is a terribly serious matter. Our country and its resources placed entirely at the disposal of a nation that dominates at least a third of the habitable world. . . .

If England feels that Japan menaces her domination of Asia or of China, let England tell Japan where to get off. It is their funeral, not ours. We got in the last (war to end war) solely because of a dominant English-loving group in this country—and today we are paying and paying.

Is all this to occur again? The nation's wealth has been practically drained off paying for the last conflict, fought not for ourselves. Are we to go broke in fact this time pulling chestnuts out of the Asiatic fire for England? . . .

Can't there be at least one country to retain its national sanity, if not its national soul? Must we see everything dear to America pawned off or bartered to maintain the fictional value of dead war-time loans—loans which the borrowers have as much as repudiated? It seems that your journal has here the opportunity of a lifetime to call a halt and to sound the alarm. We are in the bread line as a nation. We don't know what's on the other side of the big hill, but we surmise it is not a pleasanter stretch of road than the one we are on at this moment. We are fairly certain that we can camp where we are right now, rather than risk further disaster, or be lost completely in one of those "accidents of history" of which Greece, Rome, Egypt and Chaldea are eloquent examples. The best "accident" for us at this moment is for some journal with honest courage to start calling spades by the right names—RIGHT NOW.

A. C. KARMON.

Cincinnati, O.

—o—

Is This a Nation? . . .

Sir:

Is this a nation of morons? At the time when men in this country were being examined for service in the World War it was discovered and announced that millions of men of military age who took the examination had the mental equipment of a 14-year-old child. On several occasions since we have been given abundant proof of the probable truth of that statement.

Shortly after a Federal bullet had ended the murderous career of the notorious John Dillinger it was announced that the "enterprising"—God save the mark!—proprietor of a midwestern theatre had arranged for the appearance of members of the Dillinger family, including—I think—the father and mother of the desperado, on his stage, and later reports said that theatre was crowded with people who had paid money to see the Dillingers and hear them relate stories about the bandit son.

And just after Hauptmann's conviction word came from California that some theatrical man, or syndicate, had offered a sister of Hauptmann $25,000 to exhibit herself for a few weeks on the stage. If she accepts the offer no doubt the theatres where she appears will be crowded to the doors with persons who have parted with their money just to see the sister of a man whose only claim to fame is that he has been convicted of a horrible crime. . . .

Is it any wonder that we have "crime waves" and that thousands of young fellows are taking the criminal route to a short-lived fame when they see the public indulging in maudlin hero-worship of notorious desperados? Theatre owners and managers have a large share of responsibility for this condition. There are many fine, honorable theatre managers (All honor to them!); but there are some members of the profession whose conscience—if they ever had one—is atrophied, and whose sense of decency is so infinitesimal that it would require a high-powered microscope to discover it. . . .

The government of this country is spending millions of dollars to run down and punish notorious criminals and protect its citizens, while thousands of those citizens who are enjoying that protection—and paying for it in taxes—are encouraging hardened criminals to continue in their course and inducing young fellows to begin a life of crime, by their senseless, inexcusable hero-worship of thugs and yellow killers. One is tempted to believe the assertion that only about one in four persons ever does any real thinking. One inevitable conclusion from the above mentioned facts is, that the number of adults in this country whose mental outfit is that of 14-year-old children has not diminished since 1917!

WILLIAM L. DAVISON.

Springfield, Mass., March 1, 1935.

—o—

New Deal Record.

Sir:

Your editorials are invariably clear, concise and to the point. Particularly fine is the one entitled "Man in the Rain" in the December, 1934, issue.

For two years the country has been literally flooded with books, articles, pamphlets, etc., written by New Dealers and all without exception ridiculing and belittling everything ever accomplished in this country before their advent. Propaganda in the form of millions of "hand-outs" to the press have been added to the taxpayers' burden.

Yours very truly,

E. A. LINDAHL.

Oakland, Calif.

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NEW OUTLOOK

"Who sees the trends anticipates the news"

Looking Backward

The future of cotton, poison gas in the next war, the value of courtesy in business after the Depression, the books America has learned to read in the lean years as a key to our future mass intelligence, crime as an auditable municipal expense, and the progress to date to formulate a national plan for spending that "4 billion 8" these are a few—just a few of the subjects which the editors have gone into this month. They represent another batch of those hidden groundswells of world forces out of which some of the morrow's news (the most important part of it) is certain to develop.

It seems at the moment Europe can't make up its mind about poison gas. Will it really wipe out whole cities? The civilian population isn't really waiting supinely for the approaching Second World War to answer the question. The foresighted noncombatant includes a gas mask in his household equipment (there are some really very attractive ones for as little as $7.40) and thereby becomes a part of the new world movement known as Passive Defence.

About cotton, the South is slowly making up its mind and it's producing an ugly mood. Will the AAA go to the way of all New Deal experiments? The Washington forecasters are saying, "Yes and soon." But after that fiasco, what? In that dark hour, the South—say the experts—will awake to find that its cotton industry has been plowed under and clear down to Rio!

Other subjects, which there is reason to believe will loom large in tomorrow's news headlines, are listed in the adjoining column.

APRIL, 1935

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Volume 165 **Number 4**

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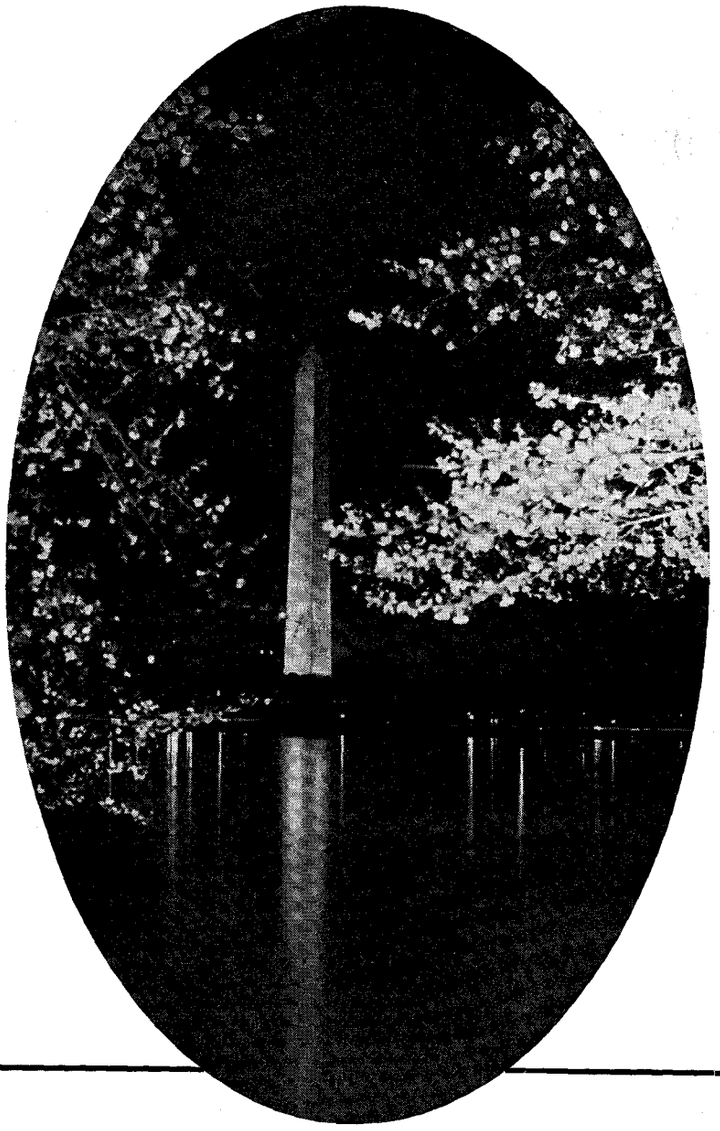
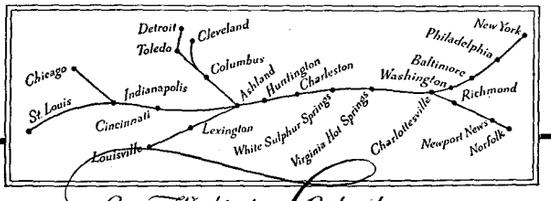


WASHINGTON'S Cherry Blossoms, and railroads, were unknown in the days of George Washington. Yet, his vision and planning founded the beginnings of Chesapeake and Ohio Lines . . . George Washington's Railroad ❧ George Washington's fundamental idea is the inspiration of today's operation of the great transportation system which follows the route he chose to "smooth the road" and "make easy the way" between East and West. ❧ The Charm of Cherry Blossom time prevails all year 'round on the genuinely air-conditioned trains of Chesapeake and Ohio Lines. ❧ When you go to Washington to see the Cherry Blossoms, travel on one of these famous trains . . . .

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON • THE SPORTSMAN • THE F. F. V.



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NEW OUTLOOK

Editorial

IT'S NEVER TOO EARLY

A YEAR FROM THIS MONTH we shall be in the midst of the pre-convention campaign flurries for the selection of the next President of the United States. In that time of heated debate and discussion, when even the tired and lethargic voter will deign to show a little interest in personalities, if not in issues, the principal lines of procedure already will have been definitely established—if not by action, then by inaction.

The battle of the termites, which we have been witnessing recently in the front yard of Democratic Headquarters, demonstrates that it is never too early to begin these pre-campaign skirmishes, although history proves, and the future will re-prove, that the early bird may die of a surfeit before the sun is up.

At the moment the Long-Coughlin-Johnson fracas need be studied solely as a possibility of a split Democratic Party in the convention of 1936, and politics being what they are, the realistic view to take at this time is that no political break is irreparable and that the repairshop remains open even after the final convention roll call is taken. Barring some unimaginable incident then, the 1936 Democratic candidate for President is now known. In view of what has been done in Washington since March, 1933, the Democratic Party has all drawn up a party platform—the 1932 platform — which has never been used.

If the Democrats should ever decide to undertake to execute that platform, in which they made such promises as the maintenance of a sound currency and a balanced budget, then conceivably there would be a place in the 1936 race for a Party of the Left. To date little or nothing has been done about the creation of such an organization, which were it called into being could undertake to carry on the haphazard and chaotic economic and social planning of the old New Deal and continue to keep the budget in a permanent state of unbalance.

Since the Democratic Party has failed completely in achieving reemployment (the one major task which confronted it when it took power), and since its record to date has been exclusively that of failure, its principal strength depends upon keeping a mass of voters in line through purchase of support with relief money. Four billion eight hundred million dollars will help handily in this crisis.

In the face of this situation, it is regrettable to report that the Chairman of the National Republican Committee has done little or nothing. Notably Mr. Fletcher has failed to keep his promise to give young Republicans a chance. No agreement has been reached on a program or a policy. No leadership has manifested itself. The demoralization which occurred to the party in the election of 1932 has been permitted to continue and to develop. In the light of these facts it is, if anything, growing a little late to be about that task of what we shall do in 1936 about that fate which democracy gives every citizen a hand in determining.—F. W.

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The World in Five Spheres

BOOKS

FEW recent novels have received reviews as enthusiastic as those devoted to Thomas Wolfe's "Of Time and the River," and yet few have been reviewed so ambiguously. It is a fine book, the reviewers say; it is perhaps a great book, and it certainly suggests the emergence of a great talent; it has power, life, beauty, ecstasy, "grand, wild, humor"—but it is also repetitious, overwritten, confused, chaotic, and downright bad.

As you read the novel, however, and check back over the reviews, a good deal of light is thrown on the character of American reviewing by the very response of all these critics. And, incidentally, a good deal of light on the condition of contemporary American fiction. For what is there about the novel that makes it stand out above the other contemporary productions of its kind? Obviously, its vitality, or exhuberance, or intensity—the sense it gives of a rich and inexhaustible creative power in its author. Each reviewer calls attention to this. In fact, it is most cleverly said by Burton Rascoe: "In these days when some of our best writers are tired and short of breath, it is thrilling to contemplate and to read the teeming novels of Thomas Wolfe. . . . They so effectively give the lie to such solemn, half-persuasive essays . . . which allege that literature is running down in bulk, beam, vitality and gusto because civilization itself is running down."

But do they? In the mere quantitative sense of production, the writing of works of a relatively high level, compare Wolfe's efforts with those of Melville, the writer whose name is so frequently linked to his. Between 1849 and 1852 Melville wrote *five* novels almost as long as "Of Time and the River," and including "Moby Dick." In the matter of imaginative effort, each of these books, even "Redburne," which was as autobiographical as "Of Time and the River," was based upon some sweeping imaginative concept that lifted it above the plane of literal reporting. Each showed an

(*Continued on page* 58)

RADIO

THE FIRST, untidy echoes of the Long-Coughlin-Johnson set-to have shaken the air waves and died away. While it lasted, the three-cornered radio duel kept thousands upon thousands of loudspeaker owners, if not exactly glued to the dial, at least firmly fixed in their chairs with ears all attention to the stream of quarrelsome words pouring out of their machines. Whether they favored this contender or that, whether Johnson has won the first round of his self-elected crusade against the two masters of radio oratory, or whether the slangy general was outpointed and outboxed by both opponents, does not matter so much from the strictly radio point of view. What does matter is this; the verbal encounter reminded radio of something. It brought back to mind the fact that politics, when discussed by masters in the art, will fetch more listeners than any other form of air entertainment.

This fact is not, of course, wholly new. When a Presidential campaign is on the air, singers and comedians and orchestras have to retreat, even though the election eloquence may not

(*Continued on page* 59)

PRESS

IN THE SPRING, the *baseball extras* appear. This is a recurrent phenomenon of daily journalism in its effort to pander to the tastes of masses of readers (called sports lovers) and to make an appeal for their support in the form of mass net paid circulation. As the training season lengthens and the pre-season game series progress toward that great climactic moment—the formal opening of the American and National League pennant contests, the baseball headlines lengthen. They begin their irresistible march steadily and solemnly, usually from left to right, across the front pages of the "late afternoons," regardless of what other world smashing or cataclysmic events may be occurring at the moment. As between BRAVES TROUNCE YANKS IN OPENER and HITLER DEFIES WORLD ON ARMS there is no question of relative importance in the spring *Evenings* after 2:15 p.m. It's what the readers want, or rather it's what newspaper editors think the readers want, which in the end amounts to the same thing. The Sports Extra is a ritual of American journalism which can no more be ig-

(*Continued on page* 56)

STAGE and SCREEN

APRIL is the time when the central portion of that long diagonal across Manhattan Island called Broadway begins its preparations for the summer doldrums. Season's successes pack up for the storehouse along with current failures, making the stage-production mortality rate far exceed that of the births.

It is true that before the oppressive heat sets in there will still be the rest of this month, all of May and the early part of June; but even a matter of eight or ten weeks is scarcely worth a theatrical manager's heavy outlay in gambling with another show unless he wants merely his share in the motion picture and other lesser rights which are his at the end of three consecutive weeks on Broadway. There are also many other considerations belonging to the time, including the agreement with the Dramatists' Guild that an option to produce a new play is automatically extended over June, July and August, and the occasionally serious expense of the theatre license which, in New York City, falls due on May 1.

Moreover, bringing out a new play just to see how the public will like it and with the expectation of resuming it next season is altogether too risky these days when public taste shifts so rapidly and in unknown directions. Much better to wait for the new theatrical year starting in the autumn, and see how the public feels then.

For Broadway, once deceived by the circumstances of boomtime into believ-

(*Continued on page* 59)

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Plowing Down to Rio

by Allen Raymond

When AAA follows NRA into oblivion, what will the South do then? One measurable result of plowing under cotton has been to stimulate cotton production in other countries. Thanks to New Deal beneficence, things are booming in the cotton fields of Brazil. It's called a bonanza in white gold.

JUST A LITTLE RUMOR out of Washington was all it took, and on March 11, 1935, the price of cotton futures took the sharpest drop in the New York Cotton Exchange experienced since 1927. Stocks fell in sympathy, and the general public caught a partial glimpse of what is going to happen when another experiment, "noble in purpose," planned by the New Dealers, goes the way of the NRA.

The rumor was to the effect that the Administration might change its cotton crop adjustment and loan programs, under the AAA, and the mere mention of a change dropped futures nine dollars a bale. Government officials leaped gallantly into the breach and denied that any such change was contemplated, and the market rallied, but was as shaky as an Old Soak with the morning-after jitters.

The little ripple in the day's news was adequate, however, to reveal momentarily, as through shifting clouds, the prospects facing the nation's cotton growers, when government loans and restrictions on acreage are finally abandoned. Just where will the South be then, is the question. There is plenty of evidence that a large part of its principal business will have been moved bodily and permanently into Brazil, and in a measure, into other South American countries.

Southerners are inquiring about this fate with increasing stridency, despite the narcotic of government money; and more and more are answering it by the flat assertion that the South will have lost to Brazil, among other countries, a goodly share of those great foreign markets on which it always has depended for a living. The shadow of a new and mighty competitor, called into being by the New Deal curtailment of cotton production and foreign selling, lies dark over Texas.

For as the cotton exports of the United States have been declining, world consumption of that commodity has remained fairly stable, and one net result of the AAA policy thus far has been to stimulate the cotton production of other countries. There is a boom in Brazil, and the economic requirements of that country are driving it into fast and furious expansion of its cotton acreage. In a single year that country's production has jumped from 700,000 to 1,200,000 bales. Fostered by the national government, a campaign is underway to step it up to 1,600,000 bales next year, and the cotton merchants of all the world have been going to South America in increasing numbers in recent months to have a hand in selling the product. Ginning machinery from the United States is being taken down there and set up at strategic centers, and Sao Paulo is buzzing with cotton activity of every kind.

Ample evidence of what Brazil is beginning to do in the way of capturing foreign cotton markets, normally buying from the United States, was introduced at recent hearings of the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, but little of the testimony reached the general public because of the more spectacular didoes of Huey Long and other headline grabbers.

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One of the witnesses to point out that there is a serious peril to the future of the South in the Administration's present cotton policy was Alston H. Garside, economist for the New York Cotton Exchange. "The outstanding development in the expansion of foreign production," he told the Senators, "is taking place in Brazil, where, although estimates of production differ considerably, they are in agreement in indicating a total expansion in the two main producing areas, Sao Paulo and Pernambuco, of nearly a million bales.

"Much of the land in Sao Paulo on which cotton is being newly grown was formerly devoted to coffee, but by no means all of it. Brazil has a vast virgin territory, now covered by jungle, which can readily be applied to cotton growing. Such land is made available for cultivation by the simple expedient of burning down the jungle. The burning process is never quite complete, but since the land is cheap, this is not of much importance. Cotton is planted around the stumps, and in time the stumps rot away completely."

Brazil comes naturally by this cotton expansion, the plant being indigenous to her fertile acres. Long before Cabral reached Brazilian shores in 1500, the Guarany Indians were weaving fabrics from the cotton tree in North Brazil, and this cotton was the same Moco strain which, crossed with Sea Island, produced Egypt's Sakellaridis cotton.

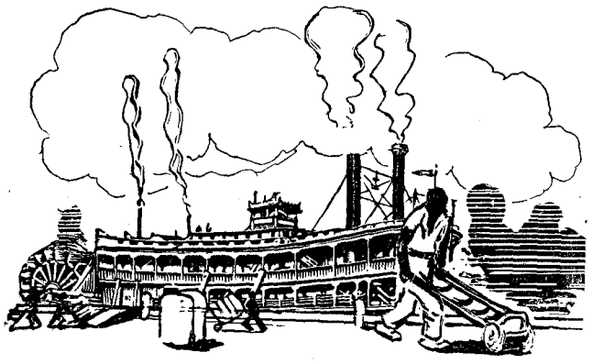
During the American Civil War, many Americans left the South and settled in Sao Paulo, bringing with them the American upland type seeds from which the present Sao Paulo cotton is grown.

Brazil's Natural Advantages

THE big South American country has many advantages for cotton production. The cost of living for cotton labor in our Southern states is pretty low, but it is not as low as that of thousands of hardy Italians and Japanese who in the last few years have migrated to Brazil and found work on the coffee and cotton plantations. Before the New Deal presented to Brazil the gift of a cotton boom the country had the nucleus of a textile industry, with 300 cotton mills and 3,000,000 spindles.

Its railroads are well enough developed through the Sao Paulo region, the three roads, the Leopoldina, Paulista, and Central Railroad do Brazil, together with dirt roads linking them feed 215,000,000 potential cotton acres in the two states of Sao Paulo and Minas Geraes, adjacent to it.

According to Benjamin Adler, of Munds, Winslow & Potter, 40 Wall street, New York City, a cotton specialist, the virtue in Brazilian cotton has not been in its yield, but American planters using American methods could double the yield, or even treble it over the lands already sown. But North Brazilian cotton of the one-and-one-eighth inch to one-and-three-sixteenths inch varieties have unusually strong fibres, and are equal in color and strength to the best Egyptian grades. The fine yarn mills of New Bedford have used them with satisfaction.



Another witness before the Senate Committee was A. E. Hohenberg, president of the American Cotton Shippers' Association of Memphis, Tenn. He read to the Senators a series of significant and important letters from cotton importing houses in other countries, where consumption of cotton in the mills has been as high as ever, but where the raw material is now being bought from other than American producers.

"These new cotton lands look like the devastated area of France after the World War. There have been heavy importations of ginning machinery in North and South Brazil, which constitute a capital investment assuring to some extent at least that cotton production on a considerable scale is going to continue.

"In South Brazil, the people have approached the growing problem with considerable intelligence. The cotton farmer can plant only a selected seed, which he must get from his government. If he fails to do this he is subject to fine and imprisonment. While the cotton is not as even running a staple as our American cotton, it makes a first class substitute when the price is right.

"The ominous aspect of this increase in foreign cotton acreage is that it is much easier to get land into agricultural production than to get it out of it. Two or three years of attractive prices will bring millions of acres into cotton, but it takes many years of very low prices to discourage cotton from growing on those acres."

The general tenor of these letters, which came from England, Holland, Germany, Belgium, Italy, France, Spain and Japan, may be judged from brief quotations from three of them. There was one from Manchester, England, which read as follows:

"In your letter of July 10 you mention Mississippi cotton, and in normal seasons we do quite a little business in that type. This season, until the Sao Paulo and Brazils are out of the way, there is going to be very little business in any cotton from fifteen-sixteenths of an inch upward. It may be hard for you to realize, but a middling fifteen-sixteenths inch Sao Paulo cotton is selling at ten pence on Liverpool spot terms, and it is giving a better strength test and no more waste loss than Texas and Mississippi cottons. Staple Brazils are underselling Memphis by fifty points."

The correspondent from Rotterdam, Holland, wrote as follows: "On account of the high basis on

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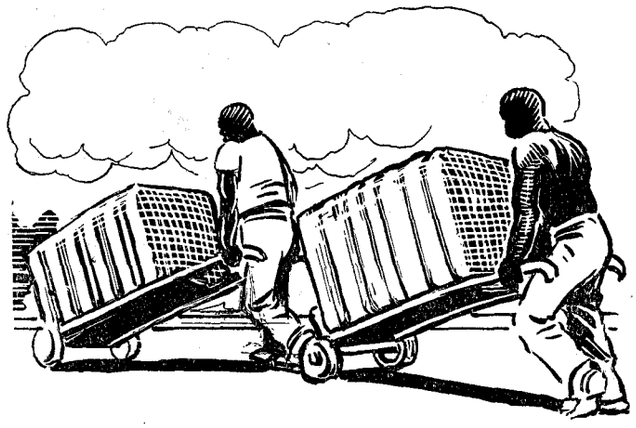

your side, it is almost impossible to come to any business. Exotic cottons, especially Brazilians, are still in great demand, as their prices compared to Americans are very favorable."

And a German import house wrote: "We have not sold a bale of Americans since August, our business having been confined to several thousand bales of Brazilians, which have turned out to be of very satisfactory grade, character and staple."

Again and again through that correspondence the word "Brazil" pops up to indicate how the new competitor is beginning to nibble into the foreign cotton markets of the United States. Expansion of production there last year outstripped the capacity of gins and compresses in Sao Paulo to handle the cotton grown. At the Cotton Exchange in New York City, it was learned recently, that within a year sixty complete ginning plants have been constructed in the South American country, representing a capital investment of $1,500,000, and practically all of them shipped South from the United States.

John C. MacDonald, export manager for the Hardwicke-Etter Co., manufacturers of cotton gins, returning from a profitable business jaunt to Brazil gave an interview to the *Dallas News,* in which he said, "The Brazilians are calling their cotton boom 'white gold.' Sao Paulo is the center of it, but there is another center in Parana. Every large cotton firm in the world has been sending its representatives to Sao Paulo in recent months, and several of them have been opening up new headquarters.

"I met American, British, German and other foreign cotton men, all keenly competing for the Brazilian cotton business. The business is being expanded with government help. Large plantings are taking place in the coffee country, for cotton now offers a better chance for profit than coffee.

"Warehouses, docks, and other concentrating facilities are being built to such an extent that there is a building boom to go along with the cotton activity. The city of Sao Paulo is growing rapidly, and becoming a great cotton capital."

Brazilian expansion is looming as the greatest threat to Southern cotton exports, but Brazil is far from being alone in this drive to step up cotton acreage and production. Reports to the New York Cotton Exchange, March 11, told of record January exports of Indian cotton from India, and Peruvian cotton from Peru. On March 1, Agricultural Commissioner O. L. Dawson reported to the Department of Agriculture from Shanghai that the 1934 acreage of cotton in China was considerably higher than in 1933. Further expansion and a cutting down of American cotton exports to China may be expected, he warned, and told of a $280,000 appropriation by the National Economic Commission of China to foster a native cotton industry.

On March 10, Walter Duranty cabled *The New York Times* from Moscow that the Soviet Union planned an increase in cotton production this year from 1,250,000 tons to 1,500,000 tons. He pointed out that although vastly expanded the Russian textile mills would not consume more than 750,000 tons at the most, and said the Soviet government would make an export drive with the balance, to obtain goods in return from Germany and the Baltic states.

Similar progress in cotton development has been reported in the Upper Nile valley. Meanwhile, the recent history of American cotton has been the gradual abandonment of a large percentage of its customary foreign selling.

For the ten years preceding 1929, and the entrance of the ill-fated Farm Board into the scene, the annual world consumption of American and foreign cotton was in the ratio of 60 per cent American and 40 per cent foreign. The Farm Board started to peg prices. As a result, the proportion of American to foreign cotton, consumed in world markets, dropped to 52 per cent in 1930, and slightly less than 50 per cent in 1931. That was the first time since the Civil War that the United States had failed to supply more than half the world's cotton.

In 1932 and 1933, under fear of inflation, the stimulus of low prices, and no governmental interference, world cotton buying rose 8 per cent above the figure for the preceding year, and the United States had a large share in this trade, getting 58 per cent of the whole. In the 1933-34 season, the Agricultural Adjustment Administration having paid the American cotton farmer to destroy one fourth of his crop, world consumption of American cotton dropped from 14,405,000 bales to 13,680,000. Consumption of foreign cotton rose from 10,307,000 bales to 11,581,000.

America's share in world cotton trade had dropped to 54 per cent. The season of 1934-35 is not yet finished, but in the first four months of it, last autumn, world consumption was only 8,141,000 bales, of which the United States produced 3,912,000, or 48 per cent, as against 52 per cent for foreign cottons.

This decline in our cotton exports is still continuing. In the report of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange for March 1, on exports of American cotton to foreign countries for the then current week, as compared to the same week in 1934, the figures stood as follows:

Exports to Great Britain, 9,100 bales as against 49,200 in the same week in 1934; exports to France, 3,500 bales, as against 8,800; to Germany,

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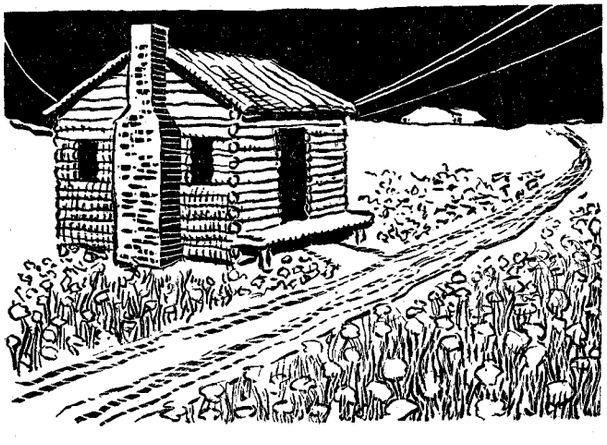
14,200 as against 21,200; to Japan, 23,100 as against 33,400; to Spain, 6,600 as against 14,400. The extent of this continuing decline was even more sharply revealed in figures for the period from Aug. 1, 1934, to March 1, 1935, as against the same period the year before. Exports to England dropped from 992,900 bales to 538,400; to France, from 653,100 to 291,200. Similar declines were registered in exports to Germany, Holland, Belgium and China, and while exports to Japan made the best showing, there was a drop from 1,346,100 bales to 1,192,000.

Is it any wonder that voices are rising in the Democratic South to ask just whom the Roosevelt Administration is befriending. There appeared at the Senate hearing on the plight of our exports one F. P. Lordan, chairman of the Houston and Galveston Division of the Cotton Industries Employees' Association, of Houston, Tex. He informed the Senators that his association had been formed at Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 8, 1934, at a convention of delegates from every cotton producing state in the South.

"For the benefit of those not familiar with the handling of cotton," he said, "let me state that the picking, ginning, compressing, storing, transporting, marketing and shipping of the cotton crop in any normal year make necessary the employment of a million or more men and women. Estimating the accrued charges from field to ship side, or domestic mill, we find that a bale of cotton accumulates about $18, irrespective of the price per pound. Eighty per cent of this goes into labor, either on a bale basis, an hourly or daily wage, or monthly salary, providing $14.40 in income to ten or more persons handling the bale from picking to shipment."

Recalling that American cotton production had been cut from more than 16,000,000 bales to less than 10,000,000 between 1932 and 1935, he said, "An unnatural reduction in the size of the crop by 5,000,000 bales means a loss of income to these workers of $72,000,000 annually."

He particularly called attention to the plight of tenant farmers and share croppers put off the farms because of the reduction of cotton acreage, and said there were newspaper reports of 118,000 such farmers on relief rolls in Texas cities, and about 400,000 of them in the South. He cited the decline of shipping in the port of Galveston, Tex., and told what that meant in terms of employment.



Eighty per cent of the commercial life of Galveston, he said, is wrapped up in oceanic shipments of cotton. From 1931 to 1934, employment on the wharves decreased 66 per cent. Last season, 1934, there was an average of 2,782 men employed there, earning an average of $18.42 weekly. This year there has been an average of 718 men, on part-time, earning about $9.10 a week.

In the Houston cotton exchange building, he said, there were 1,333 men employed in the autumn of 1931, and in the autumn of 1934 there were 750 men. In that one building, employees' pay-rolls were lower by $58,000 a month. In the cotton compresses and warehouses of Houston, he said, there were 5,945 men employed in the autumn of 1931, and only 2,532 in the autumn of 1934.

The same criticism of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration's policy of curtailing cotton production and thereby increasing unemployment is voiced by W. L. Clayton, president of Anderson, Clayton & Co., the world's largest cotton merchants. Discussing our vanishing cotton markets recently, he said: "There is a general belief that the Southern states have made greater progress toward economic recovery than other sections of the country. If the greater number of people on government relief rolls in the South than in the country as a whole is any proof, then this may be true.

"In the ten principal cotton states, Texas, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Oklahoma, Arkansas, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee and Louisiana, there are now four and a half million people on relief, being 17.2 per cent of the population of those states, whereas the percentage of the total number of people on relief in the country, as compared to the population of the United States is only fifteen per cent.

"The state of Arkansas, whose economic life centers as much around cotton as any state in the union, has 24 per cent of her population on relief; Oklahoma, 26; and even Texas has 16, whereas North Carolina, the most industrial of the Southern states, has only 11. If the industry heretofore chiefly responsible for the economic lifeblood of the South is to continue to decline under governmental policies, how are these Southern people, now on relief, going to be put back to work?"

A further result of the artificially high price of cotton maintained by the Administration policy, according to some cotton men, has been a diminution in domestic consumption. In recent weeks there has been a slowing down of cotton cloth production, relative to manufacturing in the country as a whole. What with the processing tax included in their costs, the mills of the United States are paying today about 16.7 cents a pound for middling seven-eights of an inch cotton, as against seven cents two years ago.

Per capita cotton consumption in the United States is at the lowest level since the 1931-1932 season, and with that exception is the lowest in many years. Such, then, are the thoughts that are

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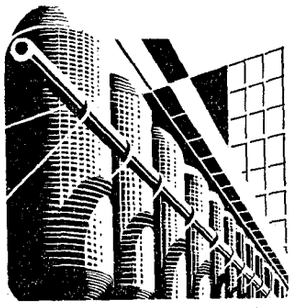
in the minds of Southern cotton men as they contemplate what the AAA and the Bankhead Act are doing to the South, even though some Southern cotton farm landlords are profiting by the current Administration policy. They know that governmental price pegging is going to end sometime. They can see that the ultimate end of production restriction is more restriction. They know that it is not a tenable, long-range policy, and are wondering how much of the normal world market will be left to them after the Administration gets through delivering their usual customers into the hands of Brazilian and other foreign interests. They can see how some persons in the South are being benefited by the present program and others made jobless. The more discerning are looking toward the future with growing apprehension.



The internal situation which has brought about this sharp crisis in the cotton industry is simply this:

In 1933 farmers of the South plowed up 10,000,000 acres of growing cotton and for doing this were paid a bounty of $105,000,000. They were paid $135,000,000 in 1934 for not planting 5,000,000 acres of cotton.

Seeking further to achieve yet more curtailment of domestic production to produce a desired domestic price but without apparent regard for what might occur in retaliation in the foreign producing fields, the planners drafted and had passed by Congress the Bankhead Cotton Limitation Bill.

The original intention was that this law should have the effect of prohibiting production above ten million bales and that this artificially created scarcity would cause the price to go to fifteen cents a pound. From the President's standpoint it was another candle lighted at the shrine of high prices. He can extend the prohibition for a second year, if he chooses to do so. Administration influence might make cotton regimentation permanent, if it chose, at the end of that period. So was the first great crop brought under definite Federal control. It might be the first in a series of such actions. Many feared that in the minds of those who controlled policies for the Administration the establishment of the precedent of Federal domination over one great crop was an accomplishment to which more thought was given than to the welfare of a specific farm group. The law was so weakened before final passage, in fact, that it lost much of its actual strength though it retained its force as a precedent.

It was originally intended that its tax on overproduced cotton of one half the market value should be paid at the time of ginning. This was amended to make it payable when sold. Thus a farmer could raise cotton above his allowable quota, pay the gin charges out of the returns from his seed and store his excess in the bale against the time when the law expired, or was repealed. This weakness, allowing cotton in storage to accumulate and thus affect the market, will tend to prevent the law from serving its primary purpose of raising prices. Like so many of the other theoretical interferences with industry which the Administration has fathered it fails to function as planned. But all of this would have worked after a fashion if it had not been for the possible foreign producing fields over which the planners forgot they had no control. Domestic prices were raised for a time from six cents to twelve cents. This, of course, was done by syphoning some $200,000,000 from the pockets of cotton consumers into the pockets of cotton producers through the instrument of processing taxes. What was sought was in a measure achieved: relief for one badly stricken area. But this was done, obvious even in the doing of it, at the expense of the rest of the country, and now at the even more appalling cost of the loss to foreign competitors of our normal export market.

What has been said here of Brazil is equally true of the Argentine. The Argentine cotton crop in 1934 increased 34 per cent, while in the past seven years the increase, in response to the "plant more cotton" campaign conducted by the government and the press has amounted to 176 per cent.

Yet as recently as March 23, Secretary Wallace reiterated the intention of the government to continue its AAA policy as it relates to cotton.

"As to a loan on the 1935 crop, it is the purpose of the Administration to provide adequate credit facilities to cotton farmers to permit the orderly marketing of the new crop. It should be emphasized, however, that the Commodity Credit Corporation will make no loans on the 1935 cotton crop to any producer who is not coöperating in the cotton program under the Agricultural Adjustment Act nor will any loans be made on the 1935 crop to any producer for an amount of cotton in excess of his allotment under the Bankhead Act."

Mr. Garside, economist of the New York Cotton Exchange, who is reputed to know more about the world's cotton trade than most of the experts, has summed up his view of the future as follows:

"It is my sincere belief that the present program of restriction of cotton production in this country, and of holding the price of American cotton above world prices by price pegging loans will, within a very few years, result in the complete loss of our export trade in cotton, and that this country will then be forced to carry this policy to its logical conclusion of restricting production somewhat below domestic requirements, and throwing a tariff wall around the country to shut off imports."

He points out that this program of complete nationalism would call for a production of cotton less than half the size of pre-depression years, and that most of this production would be in the Eastern belt, close to the cotton mills, unless it were distributed over the entire South by force of law. The alternative to nationalism is internationalism, and a resumption of that international trade which alone can make profitable an American cotton crop.

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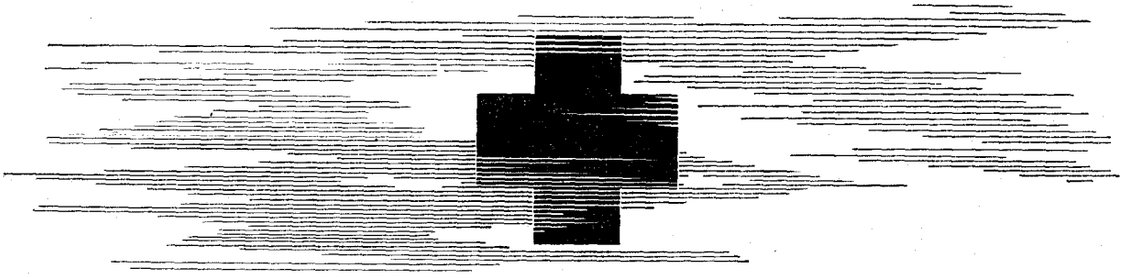
Under the Purple Cross

by Frank C. Hanighen

The scrapping of the Treaty of Versailles by Hitler and the relentless approach of the Second World War intensifies the humanitarian movement of "Passive Defence" against death by gas.



EUROPE IS GAS MINDED. And no wonder. Scareheads inform newspaper readers that chemical laboratories are decanting new and deadlier poison gases that will, in the event of war, bring extinction to whole cities.

Controversies sprawl over the leading pages of *Le Matin, The London Observer,* the Rome *Populo* and other European papers, as to whether poison gas is a menace or a bogey. Can an enemy airplane equipped with a score of yperite bombs completely asphyxiate the population of London? Or is this picture a verbal fabrication of the fabricators of gas masks, desirous of selling their product? The scribes put the questions, but neither they, as so-called experts, nor their readers, the prospective victims, can give authoritative answers to what are still very, very hypothetical problems. For, it is a disturbing fact that no one, expert or layman, knows with any certainty how successful an aero-chemical attack on civilian populations would be.

It is also a fact that, as a result of this disquieting lack of definite information, everybody expects the worst. Therefore, it is no surprise that Europeans should clamor for protection. Their governments, partly in response to this uproar, partly convinced that there may be a real chemical menace, are taking no chances. Europe is more than gas minded. Europe is trying to do something about it.

Thus there has come into existence, almost overnight, a new and extraordinary development in European life. A new industry has started, with a voracious market for the newest and most fantastic commodities and stimulated by governmental propaganda along lines never witnessed before. All because civilians are demanding the right to breathe and walk in safety when and if ruthless chemical war breaks over their heads.

À bas les théoriciens! People on the Continent are already buying masks regardless of whether they will have to use them or not—just to be on the safe side. So brisk has this trade become that competing manufacturers are turning out more comfortable and more stylish masks. Parisians, like newlyweds examining suburban bungalows, are busily inspecting oxidized shelters; Italians are consulting the prices of ambulance service for gasees; Germans are laboriously studying the nature and effects of new gases in a most novel way, and Londoners are reading booklets of helpful hints and home remedies for chemical warfare victims. New necessities for the home budget, a new daily regimen, new social habits, are altering the lives of Europeans. Europe is living under the sign of the Purple Cross.

The expression "Purple Cross" has some word-of-mouth currency as the result of the efforts of *La Société de la Croix Violette,* located in Lausanne.

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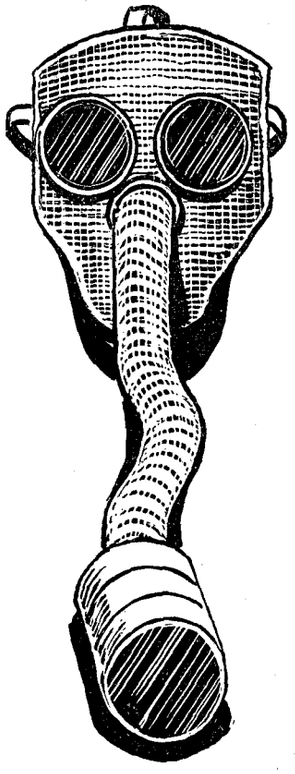
This organization, in its constitution, describes itself as an international association for the protection of civil populations against chemical warfare, and it aspires to be the Red Cross of this new development of Mars. There has been some criticism—the bogey hunters elevating some very heavy guns—because The Purple Cross in its statutes is permitted to have financial interests in firms selling gas protective apparatus. Deputies in the French Chamber have been more than usually excited about this connection between propaganda and the business interests of the manufacturers.

But no one can point a parliamentary finger at the Red Cross. The International Red Cross Society in Geneva has been laboring diligently for over two years to get peoples and governments to take precautions against the Violet menace. Since 1932 their *Journal* has run a special monthly section which records the results of their campaign. Quite evidently they have been getting results. For in these pages unfolds an impressive picture of a world organizing itself, adjusting itself to a new atmosphere of war. All the nations of Europe and some on other continents are organizing a colossal campaign called "Passive Defence."



A very deceptive term, indeed. For it is called "passive" to distinguish its concern with civilian protection from "Active Defence" which is the military counter-attack in the form of combat planes, bombing fleets, anti-aircraft guns, searchlights, etc. Passive Defence is really very active, for it covers such minutiae as how to adjust a gas mask, what to do with your auto when the "dew of death" falls, how to make a cellar shelter airtight, etc. Passive Defence has three stages with many rules under each category: (1) warning, when the airplanes begin to drop gas; (2) protection, when alarmed civilians begin to sidestep the noxious vapors; and (3) curative measures, when the inevitable casualties occur.

The New Rainbow of Promise

With characteristic national thoroughness, the Germans have taken the lead in the preparations for warning civilians. They start right at the bottom with elaborate and picturesque descriptions of the various standard gases. This grim quatrain in a German journal was very popular last year:

White Cross reddens the whites of the eyes.
Green Cross turns the lungs a putrid green.
Blue Cross makes the nose a bluish red.
Yellow Cross turns the skin a pale yellow.

In other words, lachrymatory, phosgene, arsenic and yperite gases, in the order mentioned.

What are these lethal liquids which bear such prismatic names? What is their chemical makeup?

The first is nothing more than what we know in this country as "tear gas." It is made, as a rule, of bynzyl bromide, xylyl bromide or bomacetone, in weak concentrations capable of causing an immediate and profuse fit of very painful weeping, with the result that vision is impossible. This is the mixture which the police use in riots and most banks now possess it to combat Dillingers and Floyds. In strong concentrations—and one cannot imagine nations using less in war-time—it can cause fatal hemorrhages.

Green Cross and Blue Cross are the most common lung gases and were the first to be used in modern warfare. In 1915 the first cloud of German gas which amazed and suffocated the Canadian troops near Ypres was chlorine gas. Later the Germans used phosgene, and then phosgene mixed with chlorine. By that time both forces were using gas and both were equipping their troops with masks which materially reduced the casualties from lung gases.

But no protection was very effective against the most insidious of all, Yellow Cross, also known as mustard gas, from its odor. Masks protected the eyes and respiratory passages against this new invention, but only the most cumbrous and impracticable clothing could make the wearer's body "mustard proof." For mustard gas (called *yperite* by the French after Ypres where it was first used and "Yellow Cross" by the Germans after the marking of the gas cylinders) can enter the system through the skin.

It vaporizes and can even penetrate, in this form, the heaviest of olive drab uniforms. It is also "persistent"—that is, it will remain for days on patches of ground; and troops have been known to carry it to their dug-outs on the soles of their shoes, and thus to contaminate a whole detachment. While it is the most difficult gas to combat, it is fortunately not as fatal as the lung irritants, showing but a two per cent death rate among its casualties.

These, then, are the best known of the war gases—although one constantly hears rumors of new discoveries. These four gases are the ones with which the Germans have been trying to familiarize their citizens. To no greater lengths could any nation go in this education, for a German firm has placed on sale a box of ampoules containing small quantities of each of these gases. The customer is directed to load a small toy cannon which accompanies the box with an ampoule, fire it and, by exposing himself to the fumes, become accustomed to the smell and symptoms. It sounds hazardous, but in fact is not. For the 60,000,000 self-appointed guinea pigs can expect to live to smell again, because the samples are just strong

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enough to cause mild and harmless symptoms. This experimental kit sells at an extremely low price.

The French have other ways. As the ancient Romans took the omens from the flight of birds, the modern Gauls are exhorted to watch the flight of sparrows to determine the presence of gases. This advice is intended for the thrifty peasants; but for the urban dwellers there are huge sirens which will spread the tocsin when a gas attack is made. Warning consists of uninterrupted blasts, three minutes long. These sirens are formidable affairs, mounted on tall metal shafts with sometimes a dozen loud-speakers radiating in all directions. There is much demand for them and their makers advertise in the papers. The Cicca firm sells one of these for approximately $75.

Once the Warning Is Given

ONCE the warning is given, the well trained gas student must seek protection immediately. How he should do this is described in an illustrated pamphlet gotten out by the Préfecture of Police in Paris, selling for 50 centimes or about 3 cents. It is a veritable *vade-mecum* for those who fear gas attacks. According to its vivid instructions, Parisians should act as follows:

"If you are outdoors, stop your work! Do not remain in the street! Do not stay in street cars or auto-buses! Run your car into a garage! Do not try to reach your home! Do not run! Gain the nearest shelter! Do not wait to scan the sky for planes!"

If the pedestrian hasn't time to reach a shelter he is urged to hide behind a pillar, or in a doorway. If a gas bomb drops nearby, he should walk (not run) away from it, holding a handkerchief to his face, and, above all, he must not rub his eyes, however irritated they may feel. If he happens to be at home he is directed to stay away from the window, to close all windows and shutters, and if he is on one of the upper floors, to descend immediately to the cellar. Concierges are required to turn out all lights at the house switchboards as well as the gas meters. If a fire starts, "do not throw water on a fire-bomb—use sand."

These, of course, are only the most elementary and necessary instructions. The most important, which almost goes without saying, is "adjust your gas mask," if you have one. And in Europe nowadays who hasn't, when he can afford it? Sales figures are not available, but all reports indicate that the production and sale of gas masks have mounted tremendously in the past few months. Numerous stores in Paris display them in their windows, and in Rome, according to a recent *New York Times* dispatch, "pink-cheeked dummies, grotesque in gas masks, stared out of shop windows today to emphasize for Christmas shoppers the government's grim warning that sudden death may sweep down from the skies."

Stranger even than this, is the spectacle of a line of girl factory workers standing before conveying belts and adjusting gas mask hoods to impassive dummy heads of varying diameters so as to mark the size label—"7", 7¼", 7½", etc." For large scale production of gas masks is necessary now to keep up with the demand. The hood is the simplest part of the mask to make. On the filter the greatest technical skill must be expended. It is generally in three-ply form—powder, carbon and cotton—and requires careful workmanship. The finished product used to sell for about 300 francs or $15, but lately, due to large volume and increased efficiency of production, the price has dropped to as low as $7.

These are the affairs that make the wearers look like the grotesque harpies of classical mythology. The French have so far produced no Poiret or Chanel to introduce style into masks. But the Germans have. A Dr. Busher, of Berlin, noticed that children seeing their parents masked, were unable to recognize them and started to cry. The Doctor, speculating on the bad psychological effects of such gruesome heads during the panicky hours of a gas raid, invented a mask which should make a gas-prepared family much more serene. It has a cellophane visor in place of the present ugly eye-holes, so that the greater part of the face of the wearer may be seen. Fabrication costs of this new design have been so low that they are priced about as reasonably as other masks—$7.50.

One of the largest of the French mask factories is the *Société d'Etudes et de Construction du Matériel de Protection Thaon.* In Germany the *Deutsche Werke* at Lubeck, the *Deutsche Auer Gesellschaft* and the Pintsch works in Berlin are the principal producers. The last-named company also makes poison gas and thus should be able to get out the most up-to-date masks, in view of the alleged improvements in the character of gases. But it doesn't, and thereby hangs one of the knottiest problems connected with Passive Defence.

For among the clutter of test tubes and retorts, chemists are constantly experimenting with new varieties of poison gas. Some of the reports (none confirmed officially since this branch above all other military branches must preserve war secrets), assert that new compounds which will render all extant masks ineffective are being invented.

The Perfect Death

DR. HELMUT KLOTZ, famous German scientist now in exile in Paris, says that the new "green gas" manufactured at the Stolzenberg works in Hamburg is the "top" among gases. He thus describes its fearsome "dry drowning" effects: "This green gas against which no gas mask, and at the moment, no antidote avails, impregnates the fluid in the lungs so that the victim is literally drowned in his own blood with flooded lungs." Furthermore, Dr. Klotz says, it is heavier than air, so that underground refuges and cellars are particularly vulnerable.

Whether this is empty scare talk, the kind that has produced a reaction against the gas protection propaganda in technical circles, or not, it is a fact that filters of gas masks do not necessarily protect

(*Continued on page* 61)

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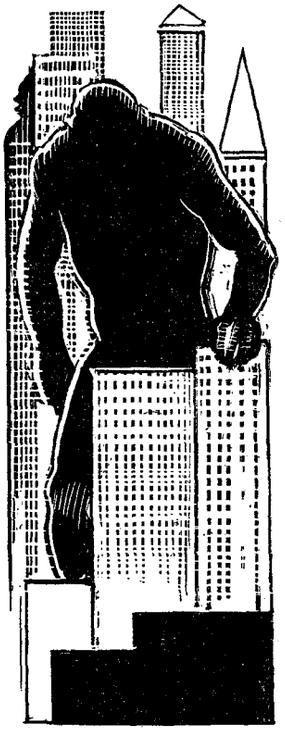
The Rise of Courtesy

by Joan E. Wing

Heavy deals in business daily depend on how the customer is received by the private telephone operator, the receptionist, the office boy and the secretary. The grave hazard created by these supposedly small employees, with their "Who d'yah wanna see?" and "Does he know yah?" is being met at last by careful training in public relations.



BUSINESS HAS BEEN SICK —as sick as a moon-calf with the colly-wobbles—and it is not altogether out of the convulsive and into the convalescent state, despite the tempering hand of time and an overpowering desire to be up and doing. In the hectic years which preceded the cataclysm, business was so brisk, profits so dizzily mounting and people so clamorous to spend their today's and their tomorrow's that butcher, baker and candlestick-maker became supercilious, self-sufficient gods of arrogance. They thought they had the world by the tail—not realizing it was a Manx cat—that merchandising was a perpetual motion machine; an endless chain of dollar delirium. Their days were filled with jingle and their nights with bank-note cheer. Many executives, facing facts as never before as a result of the business collapse, are discovering the need and the resultant returns of a courteous policy and are seeing to it that it is made fool-proof. It is, they find, a successful means of holding business, of conserving customers. *"Holding business"* is as important as *"winning new business"* in these precarious days and, among far-sighted executives, there is a definite trend towards courteous procedure and the elimination of tactlessness and incivility from their concerns. With them the churl, the wise-cracker and the boor have no place, no matter what their abilities may be. It marks the dawn of a good will millennium in the commercial world. So, the wise merchant is he who strives to hold trade and to turn potential customers into regular patrons through the application of tact and consideration. Summed up in a word, his means of holding custom, increasing custom and building up a bulwark of good will, is courtesy. Courtesy, after all, is but decency, respectability, self-respect and thoughtfulness for others. If there is anything more applicably vital in the resuscitation of business it has not been stumbled upon as yet by the loquacious lads of the Brain Trust. There is a rapid increase in the number of companies which are systematically installing politeness throughout their organizations, not only among executives and employees having contact with the public, but also among their inner-office, basement, shipping-room and other workers. They realize it must be more than a lackadaisical front office or showroom gesture to make for enduring success. They are not only polite to the public; they are growing polite, of all things, toward one another.

Among the big mercantile concerns which have

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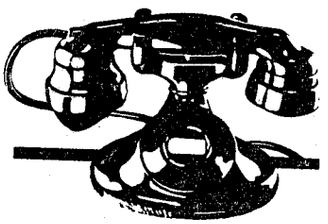
pioneered in choosing courtesy as a firm and relentless policy is the General Foods Corporation, and the policy not only applies to the home office but to the branches and to the factories. In the financial world that is Wall street, Fenner & Beane, one of the biggest commission firms in the nation, has been a long-time practitioner of the courtesy doctrine. In that same financial world, Jas. H. Oliphant & Company pride themselves, and rightly so, on being one of the first commission and investment brokerage houses to choose courtesy as a major policy.

The Chatham and Phenix National Bank, which amalgamated with the Manufacturers Trust Company, was a courtesy torch-bearer in the banking world. The American Gas and Electric Company was among the first utility corporations to take on



a definite courtesy program for its holdings throughout the country. R. G. Dun & Company, now Dun & Bradstreet, was another among the courtesy trail blazers.

H. E. Manville—"Hi" to his intimates and "H. Edward" in the social register—for years a dominant figure in the asbestos mining, manufacturing and distributing world, should be credited with being one of the first big executives to see the good will building and sales promotional possibilities of courtesy. Its successful demonstration in the home office led him to have it made a mandatory practice in the company's branch offices in all the key cities of the United States and Canada. It was also put into operation in the factories and even at the mines in Quebec. Mr. Manville was made poignantly aware of the fact that his courtesy policy was uniform throughout the company when he happened into the basement at the home office one day. He wished to make a telephone call and picked up the instrument used in summoning the janitor. To his amazement he was greeted with "number, please?" and as promptly and efficiently serviced as he would have been at his own desk.

Once a company chooses to run its affairs along courteous ways the introduction and operation of the system must be comprehensive. There must be no knotholes left uncovered, no exposed heel of Achilles, which attacked, may make the entire system ridiculous. It is these small and seemingly inconsequential employees who are often as costly as a three-alarm fire. For instance:

M. A. Trass, head and shoulders of the Sleep-So-Good Bed Company, is a good business man, a judicious advertiser and an insomniac in chamber of commerce, Rotary, Kiwanis and kindred commercial and clowning affairs. He possesses an 18-karat personality, is an ace salesman and so devoted to business that his wife wonders if she should don widow's weeds or enter a nunnery. In his feverish ambition to put his product in every bedroom in the land, Mr. Trass during his twelve-hour Depression Days at business is necessarily confined to his — too-far-removed-from-customers — office. Nevertheless his beds are excellent. The best on the market. His advertising is alluring and convincing—model copy. M. A. Trass piously believed that his organization was operating as efficiently as his whiz-bang self. Then, the awakening!

The Apple Cart Upsets

THE management of a big hotel company, completing construction of a huge country-club-hostelry, was in the market for beds. There was competition for the order—plenty,—but the star salesman for the Sleep-So-Good Bed Company was in high favor with the hotel president. Although his bid was a bit higher than those of his rivals, the salesman had given proof of the fact that his product was of better quality, and, after a final interview, the salesman returned to his headquarters to report that everything was all set, and that the hotel president would phone on the morrow and give his decision.

The following day the hotel president took his telephone receiver from its hook and called the Sleep-So-Good Bed Company. He had decided that it should have his order. Reaching the switchboard of the company he was greeted with a petulant "Hello!" The hotel executive inquired, "Is this the Sleep-So-Good Bed Company?" He was answered with a "Yeah! . . . who d'yah want?" A bit outraged, but curbing his temper, the hotel man informed the operator that he wanted to speak to *So-and-so,* giving the name of the salesman.

"Bam!" Went the Order

"JUSTA minute!" snapped the switchboard attendant. Then came a period of utter Congressional blankness. The caller jiggled the hook and aroused the somnolent female, who responded with a "Justa minute! . . . justa minute! . . . I'm trying to get him for yuh!" Again the ghastly silence. Presently the voice of an office-boy: "Yeah?" Again the exasperated order-giver asked for the salesman. "What d'yah wanta talk about?" was the impudent inquiry. This was the straw which busted the dromedary's vertebræ. *Bam!* went the receiver, and *bam!* went the biggest order in months.

Towards sundown, after a jittery day of waiting, the salesman called the hotel executive to be succinctly and unmistakably informed of what had occured and that the order had been placed elsewhere! When the direful intelligence was conveyed to M. A. Trass he had three fits and a bad spell; gave orders for the firing of the telephone attendants, two office boys and cancelled arrangements for the company dance. Then he began to give

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burning thought to the service setup of his bed emporium. One minute of bungling and discourtesy had undone a salesman's fortnight of conscientious endeavor and made a mockery of the Sleep-So-Good Bed Company's pulling and model advertising copy, inspired slogans and quality merchandise!

The Boss's Fault

THESE costly and good will destroying calamities occur too often to be classed as unavoidable errors of judgment. When they do happen, they reflect upon the organization and upon the executive head who permits his business to be made subject to the slovenly, or downright uncivil practices of employees.

It's a truth, maybe incomprehensible in its suddenness of projection, but a stark and gripping truth nevertheless, that in the hands of small, low wage people are invested most of the valuable contacts in American business.

It is the office boys, the information girls, the telephone operators, the secretaries, the clerks and suchlike small fry that wield the trowel in good will cementing, or ply the pick in good will demolition. No matter the floweriness of policy, the rainbow-hued advertising promises, the non-mixed metaphors and cheek-by-jowled infinitives of its Board of Trade speechifying executive and the superlative dollaring ability of its salesmen, a deal —the biggest deal since hectic Hoover days—is emphatically kicked right through the pants and beyond by a silly Willie, or a dizzy Fannie, who were never figured for a minute in the feverishly sought order.

The secretaries are entitled to a paragraph or so to themselves, for they even more than the others, have felt their importance without realizing the responsibilities that come with the job. This statement reflects not merely on the lazy and the flippant types, but on many a conscientious one who, in a developed scheme of self-sacrifice, thinks of herself as mother and protector of a boss who, in her view, is just a big, blundering boy playing store, and frightens off the customers she believes to be annoying him. Secretaries of that sort have so many merits—among which usually may be named the maintenance of files that no efficiency system could ever unravel if they died—that their employers are commonly found apologizing for them and keeping them on.

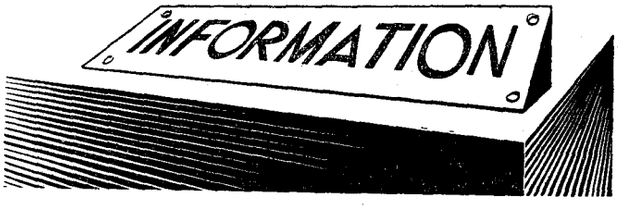
Unsung Diplomats

THERE is no doubt, however, that the secretarial post is an especially trying one. If the boss is legitimately in business, he is subject to jitters like any other human being—although employees are always to be found to deny the human part of it; and no small part of the secretary's duty is to act as *liaison officer* between the visitor and him, putting the visitor in a cordial frame of mind going in, and after some unintentional brusqueness on the boss's part, smoothing down the visitor's bristling fur on the way out. In her most pardonable aspect, she errs in reflecting to the outside world the boss's occasional fits of bad temper, moroseness over business conditions and weight of big business secrets.

After the president, the chairman of the board, or whoever may be big boss of the organization, it is this seemingly unimportant, but first-customer-contact, that must be sold on, imbued with and enthused by the spirit of courtesy. The manner in which a telephone call is handled, the greeting and service of an information clerk, or the actions of an office boy, may cinch or doom a deal. John Smith, undecided as to which bidder shall receive his patronage, has no difficulty in eliminating the concern that puts its worst foot forward. His telephone call develops into a siege of Troy, an information clerk treats him like a pest-house applicant, or in an office boy's impertinence he finds roaring reason for acceptance of birth control, and, into oblivion goes a much sought for order.

As big business sets the example it is to be expected that the smaller merchants will follow on; but, strangely enough, many of the little fellows have not waited to see the big chaps point the way, but have started in to do some Chesterfieldian trail blazing themselves as a means to business betterment.

However, the small merchant is too often a small merchant because of his lack of vision; his inability, or lack of desire, to improve his service, or to give his customers a fair break. He howls in anguish about the chain stores, but is purposely, or ignorantly, unaware of his own shortcomings. The usual small merchant who protests so vehemently about chain-store rivalry fails to see—or is not capable of seeing—that the customer in the



latter place is given better service and more decency of treatment (which is the same thing) than is extended in his own antediluvianly conducted shop.

The effectiveness of a courtesy policy is dependent on the sincerity of the employees. They must be made appreciative of the fact that they are definite and necessary members of the organization and that the company's success means their success. Too, they must know and feel that the courtesy plan is an all for one and one for all setup; that adherence to its principles is as rigidly expected of the top boss as of the fledgling office boy. And such should be the case. When Mr. President, or Mr. Sales Manager, barges into the reception room to begin the day, he should not overlook the fact that a smiling "Good-morning," no matter the condition of his liver or the tumultuous scene at the breakfast table, is that which he expects from the information clerk or the office boy,

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and which he expects them to extend to callers.

No courtesy plan can be initiated without the careful training of employees by means of lectures and specific instructions covering their activities. In a mercantile house this means talks with department heads, with secretaries, salesmen, telephone attendants, information clerks and all others, whether they come in direct contact with customers and potential customers or not. Employees are taught the importance of seeing the picture from their side of the desk or counter; how the practice of courtesy will react to their profit and promotion. They must be sold on their company and its product and, furthermore, they must be sold on themselves and their fellows if they would sell properly to the outside world.

Something for Everybody

SHOULD the executive head of a concern seek to confine the courtesy rules to the general run-of-the-mine employees, or to half-portion his practice, there is more than likely to be a dismal failure of the plan. The top boss's derelictions would be quickly adopted by the lesser executives, and, with such examples, it would be impossible to have a sincere practice of courtesy among the employees. The principles of courtesy applicable to office boys, information clerks, telephone attendants, clerks, salesmen, secretaries, are applicable to all executives up to the top one. If they are not, they are as useless as pantalettes to a mermaid.

With the boss—M. A. Trass—or whoever he may be, wholly sold and whole-souled for the plan, its initiation may be rapidly accomplished. Usually the first meeting that follows is one with department heads that the plan may be explained and that they may offer what they may suppose to be objections to some of the rules and be constructively answered. They, knowing that the top boss is in complete agreement with the plan, are not difficult to sell. It does not require any Bruce Barton salesmanship ability to convince them of the good will and sales promotional value of courtesy. But they must be sold on the idea. They must be convinced of its wholesomeness, of its dollarness. They must be sold, not intimidated into acceptance because of the Big Boss, but because of their realization that it is good for them and good for the company.

Spreading the Good Word

AFTER the department heads come the meetings with the clerks, with the telephone attendants, with the salesmen, with the shipping clerks—with all the workers in the organization. And, they, too, must become as sold on the idea as the big boss and the lesser bosses. Within two or three days the working of the plan will be apparent. Within that space of time customers and potential customers will have noted a marked change in the service they receive, and within the organization itself will be a speeding up and a rhythmic note of endeavor. It never fails to work just that way.

And, here, let it be emphatically stated that courtesy is not a consumer of time; to the contrary, it is a conservator of time. It is Speed with Politeness; a slogan created by the writer on launching her courtesy campaign (alack and alas! *tempus fugit!*) a decade ago.

Courtesy on the Trigger

IN illustration of the fact that politeness does not diminish efficiency or consume that so-called, and so-misused, valuable time, there was the experience of a gas and electric company in an Atlantic seaboard city. The executives realized that the company was far from enjoying public good will and that the increasingly growing murmur of protest against rates and regulations was likely to result in legislation which would be unfair to the stockholders. They wanted to see what could be done to win the friendship, or at least still the disapproval, of their customers.

A courtesy campaign was inaugurated and within a month its results were apparent. The telephone service was snapped up and politeness instilled into the former "yeah" and "who d'yah want?" switchboard attendants. The meter readers were instructed in a courteous *method operandi*. For instance, they began to give the time of day to consumers, and to use care in not tracking mud onto Mrs. Murphy's freshly scrubbed floor, and to practice the common garden variety of decency that had been entirely foreign to their meter-reading procedure of the past. In the office of the company everyone from top boss to office boy was invested with new and civil ideas to put into practice among themselves and the public.

Expert Handling with Gloves

IF THERE BE ONE THING that Mr. and Mrs. Jones detest, it is paying gas or electric bills. They rebel at such levies, regarding them as unfair tribute to a mercenary and cold-blooded corporation. Being non-competitive institutions their too curt "pay your bill or we'll turn off the meter" dictum is in keeping with the hangman's "step lively" command to the fellow heading for the noose. Furthermore, the atmosphere and settings of most utility offices are about as cheerless as the Bellevue morgue. When Mrs. Jones goes to pay her gas or electric bill she goes on an errand that rankles her to the quick, and the usual treatment accorded her in the office does not appease her state of mind. She is a nonentity; just another must-pay-your-biller.

There, in that office of the troubled gas and electric company, a real system for the courteous treatment of customers was installed overnight. The cashiers and all other employees coming in contact with the public, were lectured on the subject of civility and square-dealing and told how they must conduct themselves in the future.

The cashiers had been in the habit of taking the bill and the money pushed through their wickets, making change, stamping the bill as paid and pushing it back to the customer, without a word being

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said and often without even a glance at the revenue-maker. That was quickly corrected. The cashiers were instructed to greet the payees by name and with a "Good morning" or a "Good afternoon." This little courtesy did not distract from business or consume time. The cashier saw the name of the customer on the bill and, without the loss of a second in making change and stamping the bill, he raised his eyes from the counter and, with an agreeable expression, voiced a cheery "Good morning, Mrs. Jones," and at the end of the transaction, a sincerely voiced "Thank you." In that little demonstration of courtesy alone more good will was built up for the gas and electric company than it had ever enjoyed before.

There's No Turning Back

ONCE a courtesy plan has been adopted it must be lived up to, for the public, quick to recognize and appreciate the new policy, is just as keen in knowing when it is slipping. The rules prescribed for the sincere operation of the courtesy policy must be conscientiously practiced. An oil company decides that politeness is the thing and proceeds to label the sterns of its juggernautish trucks with signs that read, "Sound your horn. This driver will be glad to move over." But, that driver proceeds to make a mockery of the courtesy gesture by ignoring the horns of scores—hundreds—of motorists who desire to pass. Such actions on the part of the truck driver knock the company's policy of politeness into a cocked hat, and may result in the non-purchase of thousands of gallons of the company's product.

Often it is the little courtesy practices that pyramid into enduring good will. Double-truck advertisements that "Ours is a house of courtesy" are just empty words unless they be backed by performance. The learning of a person's name and remembering it is an important factor in the establishment, and holding, of good will. Sales people, information clerks, doormen, office boys should be taught the value of remembering customers. After a second or third call there is no reason why a customer's name should not be known and he or she be given a friendly greeting. We are all of us a bit vain and are flattered when we enter a shop or an office to be greeted by name. "Thank you. Please call again" and suchlike expressions of gentility go a long way towards creating custom.

The Voice on the Wire

TELEPHONE courtesy had its great impetus during the World War when the American Telephone and Telegraph Company adopted and put into practice its slogan, "The Voice with the Smile Wins," and what a sparkling well of truth there is behind that pronouncement! "The Voice with the smile wins"—and it does whether over the telephone or in face to face contact. Too often the party calling gets the impression that the recipient of his call is bored, disinterested, flippant or downright rude. Too often he is right in that surmise. Such treatment of the unseen customer is unqualified impertinence. It is business suicide.

In a proper telephone system speed and politeness are of equal importance and the two must synchronize. Politeness does not need to be sacrificed for expediency. Phrases of gentility, such as "good morning," "thank you," "sorry to have kept you waiting," are not time wasters by any means of calculation. If the party answering the phone will immediately identify himself and his department, it saves the caller the necessity of indulging in a cross-examination to find who he is talking to, and so time is conserved and the unseen customer is properly serviced. This means, of course, breaking down the common attitude of the person answering, that he won't tell who he is until the party at the other end explains what he wants.

We have earned the unenviable reputation of being all a nasal-twanged and wisecracking people, and it gets us nothing but heaps of ridicule and contemptuous regard for our manner and our low tide of thought. This clowning ability may have its place in variety or in gelatin entertainment, but it certainly has no place in business. The clerk, in an effort to show himself an Ed Wynn, but usually a blatant ass, who, for the attempted amusement of his fellows, does his Bronx idea of an English accent in answering the telephone with an "are you there?" may be a liability of the gravest sort to his company.

Civility Is Not Servility

THE idea which prevails in some quarters that courtesy is indicative of servility should be emphatically denied. The school authorities in one of our largest cities, several years ago, sought to abolish the use of a number of polite customs on the ground that they made the users mental menials. Among the phrases that came under the ban were: "Yes, sir" . . . "No, sir" . . . "Yes, ma'm" . . . "No, ma'm." The pupils were instructed to say "Yes," or "No." The result unhappily, was "Yeah" and "Naw"!

Strangely enough, courtesy in its purely academic form has long been the practice of white collar roguedom. Honied words have led more suckers to the trimmery than have been stuck-up and fleeced by all the pistol toters since the days of Dick Turpin. Racketeers and blue sky promoters find courtesy to be a necessary and highly renumerative asset in their nefarious operations. The fellow engaged in selling lots that can be seen only at low tide, the peddler of phony gold mine, oil and other queer stocks, and all of the gardenia-lapeled Robin Hoods of modern days, are assiduous practitioners of the verbal and gestured niceties. And if rascals of the morning-coat and spats, or Paris gown and baby-stare, variety can win customers with a veneer of courtesy, it is dead certain that the honest merchandiser, sincere in the practice of courtesy in its full meaning, will hold custom, invite custom and garner a full harvest.

Concerns that practice good will are sure to gain customer confidence and customer support.

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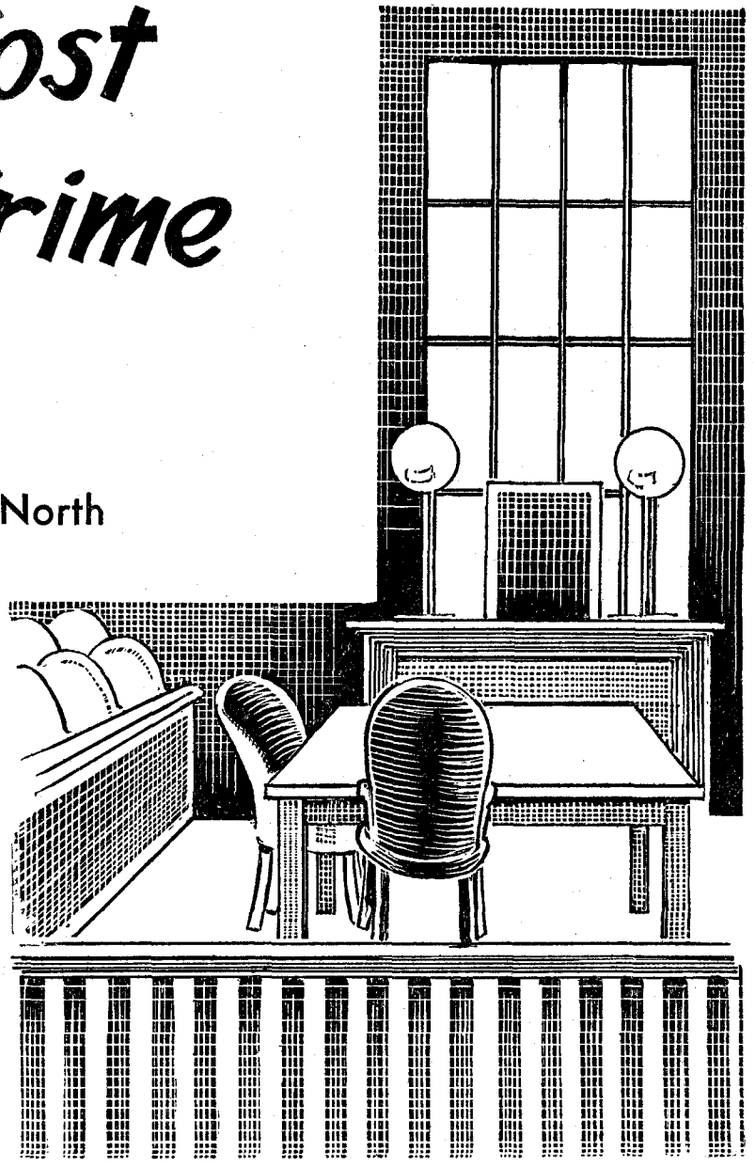
The Cost of a Crime

by Anthony North



One, say the criminologists, out of every forty-two persons in the U. S. has a criminal record. The municipal cost of curbing this host of unknown criminals is studied in the light of the audit of the record of one unknown, who has been in police custody 25 times in 26 years.

IN THE PUBLIC CONSCIOUSNESS OF CRIME as a national problem there seems at the moment to be sufficient awareness of the menace which is represented in our *numbered* Public Enemies. Perhaps there has been too much of such awareness, the attendant interest producing a lucrative market for all kinds of publicity upon the activities and "daring" ventures of the Big Shots of Crime. More recently the public's concern about crime has led to a popular attack upon the entire criminal group which supports the numbered hierarchy of the Machine Gun and the Gat.

Yet this widening interest to include the criminal lawyer racketeer, the criminal medico who changes facial contours, repairs in secret those injured in encounters with the Law; the gun molls, the Public Enemy's family and all others who may legitimately be included in his supporting cast covers only a small part of the criminal population of the country. A recent reliable estimate reveals that one out of every forty-two persons in the United States has a criminal record of some kind!

The Big Shot Criminal is thought of as an Enemy of Society, given a number to designate the relative importance of what he takes from society, what he does to society. But more and more as the organized movement against crime in the United States turns to the submerged mass of criminality, the more there will be a need to face the realistic facts of what it costs in actual tax dollars to police, detect, ferret out, now and then to prosecute, and on rarer occasions to administer, with a teary judicial eye, justice to the lay workers who labor long and persistently in the field of crime. When that hour of greater realism arrives we shall, in all probability, face with more equanimity the necessity of ruthless extermination of the weed of crime.

The careful auditing in terms of the taxpayers' money of a typical police record of a confirmed and known criminal, selected more or less at random from the files of the New York City Police Department, presents an appalling picture of waste. Into this audit must go charges for the working time of patrolmen at an average of $8 per day; detectives, $8 to $10 a day; photographer's time; the services of fingerprint experts; the salaries of prosecuting attorneys, and clerks of every description. There must also be prorated and charged the costs for the maintenance of police communication systems, police stations, police courts, police equipment, patrol cars, etc. There is a vast amount of paper

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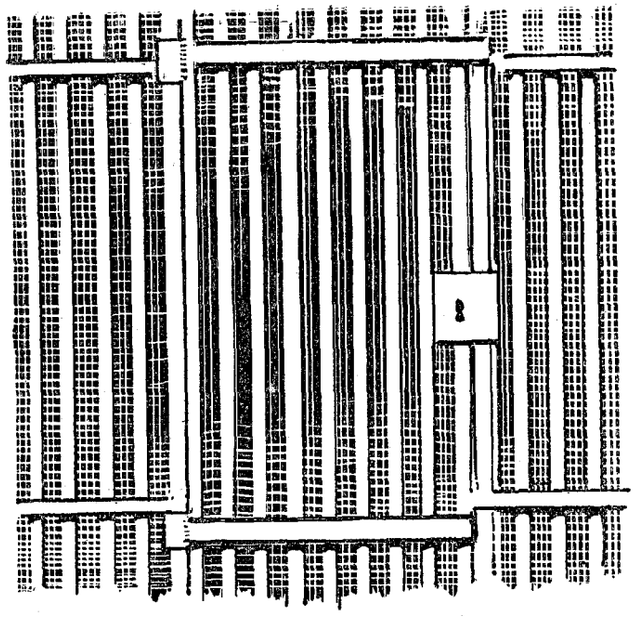

work involved today in the detection of crime. Crime is a Big Business. It can only be fought with the best business methods and practices. In many of our larger cities, if the funds were available, our police officers could do with a great deal more paper work. In this division alone an appalling cost is sustained in keeping track of the confirmed criminal.

Why Tax Collectors Collect

STILL other cost items legitimately chargeable in an audit of a typical crime must include the salaries of judges all the way up to the courts of Errors and Appeals, the salaries in such cases frequently being as high as $25,000 a year. The smarter criminals who are well-heeled never fail to take an appeal, thereby setting in motion an expensive machinery which costs the taxpayers hundreds of thousands of dollars to run. It is worth the while of the criminal to do this: it is astounding the number of "reversals," "dismissals" and "retrial orders" known criminals pull out of this expensive grab bag of justice. The average cost to the people for each criminal court trial, exclusive of murder, is $400.

But most important of all items to observe in the nation's crime bill is that which is expended through the years on the confirmed criminal with a long record. And this mounting cost to the taxpayer is never taken into consideration in our courts of justice. Each time he is arrested he stands up in court an innocent man until convicted, although at the very moment of the beginning of the trial he may already represent as a result of his previous activities thousands of dollars in police costs. In the typical case he wins acquittal, is turned loose, another crime is committed, expensive police investigation begins anew and after spending more money the same man is back in court again. Viewed solely as an economic waste, and without considering the question of what kind of justice the known criminal is entitled to, or the difficulties and handicaps of preparing a police case which wins him new freedom with the cheerful news from the bench, "Discharged. Insufficient evidence," the continued existence in society of this type has come to represent a dollar cost which is inexcusable and which may well become disastrous.

The Adventure of William Cuff

AT 4 o'clock on the morning of February 17, 1934, William Cuff, a Negro car washer, was at work in a garage in the further reaches of the Bronx, in New York City. The garage did considerable business as the storage place of long-haul trucks, which were stored over-night, fully loaded with merchandise in transit. Cuff, the Negro car washer, was surprised at his work by five men, one armed with a revolver, another with a sawed-off shotgun. With the Negro under guard, the men made a careful search of the garage until they located a particular truck. The Negro was then bound, gagged and beaten, after which the men drove off with the truck, which was loaded with merchandise.

At 5:30 A.M. Cuff was discovered by a truckman, was released and reported the robbery by telephone to the police. Alarms 2737 and 2738 were promptly transmitted and also a code signal description of the stolen truck with a request to search garages. The Negro car washer Cuff was taken to the Bureau of Criminal Identification where he looked at pictures of criminals arrested for similar crimes. A detective was sent from the Bronx Homicide Squad and made an examination at the scene of the crime for fingerprints.

Acting Lieutenant William McCoy recorded the crime, special inter-departmental notifications were sent to Acting Captains McIlhargy and Devoe. Detectives Wey and Dunn were assigned to the case. Thus there began an expensive operation of solving this not unusual, not particularly spectacular crime.

The Aspirin Clue

FOR ten days Detectives Wey and Dunn, with little regard for time clocks or formal working hours, pursued the case, followed a seemingly hopeless trail. Early in their investigation they came upon a clue which pointed suspiciously toward a group which specialized in hijacking trucks and which has come to be known as the Aspirin Gang. The gang at the time was widely scattered. The detectives were forced to request additional help to check up on recent activities of various members of the gang. When all of this was done, the findings coördinated and tabulated, Detectives Wey and Dunn found themselves on a trail which led to a cheap rooming house on West Twenty-ninth Street. There, on the strength of the evidence which they had they arrested a forty-three-year-old man, unemployed, without any visible means of support, who said that he was a contractor's salesman and who seemed to know his way fairly well around through the tricky questions of preliminary police examination. The detectives took their prisoner to

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Police Headquarters and to the Bureau of Criminal Identification. There through fingerprints and other records they found that they had in custody once again one Max Price, alias Max Praiss, alias Max Braun, a member of the Aspirin Gang.

They Knew Him Well

PRICE'S record is studded with reports of arrests in connection with many garage robberies. It is a long record. The first entry was made in 1908. The record contains reports of twenty-five arrests in twenty-six years. In the course of building up that record, Price, or Praiss, or Braun, has had the thrilling experience of hearing those joyful words, "Discharged," uttered nineteen times, and once his attorney brought to him at Sing Sing the glad tidings that the Appellate Division had reversed a lower court decision, thereby making possible the reduction of a twenty-year sentence to one day! All of this good fortune for Price was accompanied by the joyful ringing of cash registers merrily totaling up the cost of the people's frustrated efforts to get Mr. Price into jail and to keep him there.

Price's history as it is known to the police is worth studying in an attempt to find a correct answer to the question of whether all the taxpayer's money spent on Mr. Price has been well, soundly or economically spent, and also whether some more realistic treatment of the crime problem represented by Mr. Price and his millions of fellow dabblers in crime might not produce a lower charge on the tax funds.

Educated in Prison

PRICE is a citizen of the United States on the basis of his father's citizenship papers. He was born in Germany forty-three years ago. His parents, law-abiding citizens, are now living in San Francisco.

The record does not contain any very valuable evidence of a sociological nature which will throw any light on the home environment and early training of Price. His erudition in the lower reaches of the three R's was probably obtained during one of his earliest experiences as a guest of the Empire State. There is evidence that he early became a member of one of the minor street gangs on the Upper East Side of New York. We meet him first, in the police records that is, as a youth of sixteen setting out on his first visit to the State Reformatory at Elmira. He has already represented some $500 to the people of the city in police and court costs. He was committed under the name of Max Praiss, and served a sentence of one year. He evidently learned a number of things during his sojourn at the reformatory, among them the value of aliases, the value of frequent changes of his residence, and how to lie about his age and occupation.

Early in January, 1910, the Old Slip police station received a complaint of burglary in a small store less than three blocks from the station. Lieutenant Charles Vaillant was assigned. On the 19th of January, after many days of work, Detective Vaillant was waiting not too patiently in the lobby of the Mills Hotel, a philanthropic rooming establishment in lower New York for down-and-outers. Finally there came slinking in out of the night a young man easily recognizable as a German. He was arrested, charged with burglary. The prisoner was identified as Max Praiss. He said that he was working as a cook. For the sake of the record and perhaps because, whatever eventually might befall, he did not want to go back to the reformatory, he gave his age as twenty-one. On February 8, after more court costs, he was again sentenced to Elmira by Judge Rosalsky in General Sessions.

In July, 1915, as a consumer of taxpayers' money in the form of police and court costs, Max Praiss begins to function again. This was in connection with a burglary at 175 Monroe Street. Praiss was arrested on a charge of burglary and for carrying burglar's tools. He was a task, a problem and a charge of the city's crime detection and prosecution machinery from July 23, until September 7, 1915, when after a jury trial he was sentenced to six months in the Blackwell's Island Penitentiary. A special notation in the record made by one of the examining magistrates at the time states that the trial costs alone in this instance were $1,000.

He Changed His Name

IN March, 1916, Price added a new alias to his growing police record when he was arrested in connection with a West Side store burglary. He gave his name as Max Braun on this occasion. Two detectives working several weeks came into court with Price, alias Braun, and with a witness who identified their prisoner and placed him near the scene of the crime. The examining magistrate decided that there was not enough evidence to warrant a trial and dismissed the complaint.

Two months later police and detectives were hard at work on a loft burglary in which a large quantity of silk had been stolen. Diligent and persistent police work on what was evidently a gang crime finally led them to a rooming house on East Thirteenth Street where they made an arrest. Once again Max Praiss was in police custody. A month later Praiss's trial on a charge of burglary was concluded and he was sentenced by Judge Delehanty to two years and six months in Sing Sing. The total costs in this case, including all admittedly legitimate items, was $3,000.

Lawyers, legislators and penologists in urging, drafting and defending crime laws which make life sentence mandatory for the confirmed criminal must accept the fact that in such procedure the expense of keeping and maintaining the criminal away from

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society represents a definite and continuing charge upon the State. But the evidence is that in monetary terms alone this is negligible when compared with police work and court costs in constantly tracking down, arresting and trying suspicious characters with known criminal records. Price's police record supplies a typical and interesting corollary to this situation. It is to be noted that all of the serious convictions and long sentences against Price occur early in his record. The discharges grow more frequent as the record lengthens. Police officers can explain this. The subject is getting "smarter." The cases of suspicion and of arrests do not decrease, but the criminal as he nears that danger line of fourth offender, where any slip might put him behind bars, for life, grows more cautious, more canny, shrewder. It does not seem to deter him from crime. He prepares his alibis more carefully, he tends to work more as a member of a gang; he becomes a planner of crimes, leaving their actual execution to others. All of this directly increases both police and court costs. The time required to solve a crime can frequently be measured in a direct ratio to the criminal experience of the mind behind its perpetration.

Six Years of Silence

FOR six years after his sentence to Sing Sing in 1922, the New York police records are silent concerning the whereabouts and activities of one Max Price, alias Max Praiss, alias Max Braun. For two and a half of those six years, in which he was up the River in the Big House, Price could have proven an acceptable alibi to any charge which might have been brought against him by those forces of the law which seemed to be forever shadowing, trailing, gathering evidence against him and arresting him.

Early in 1922, Price was living in a rooming house on the southern fringe of Hell's Kitchen. If asked suddenly, as Detective Moriarty of the Main Office Division had occasion to do on the night of April 24, 1922, what he was doing, Price would have replied that he was working at a lunch counter. There is evidence to indicate that he lied. Earlier in that month several men had broken into the store room of a loft building fur firm and had stolen $12,000 worth of furs. Magistrate Nolan in the 2nd District Court listened to the evidence gathered, at the usual expense by Detectives Moriarty, Harris and Daly, and decided that it was not sufficient to warrant holding Price. Again he went free.

Return to Service

A YEAR and one day later, as Max Price, he was again in the toils of the law. This time Detective Sullivan believed he had adequate evidence that Price, who was now identifying himself as a salesman, was a participant in the hold-up of a truck driver and the theft at pistol point of the truck and its load of merchandise. Magistrate Rittenberg did not agree. Price was again discharged.

From this point the record on Price, alias Praiss, alias Braun, continues in this monotonous fashion:

Mar. 30, '24. As Max Price. Robbery. Delivered to Rye, N. Y., authorities 3/31/'24. Det. Dowling. Discharged.

Mar. 26, '25. As Max Price. Burglary. Discharged by Magistrate Glatzmeyer. 4/1/'25. Detectives Sullivan, Kleeber and Nocton.

Apr. 19, '26. As Max Price. Burglary. Discharged. Magistrate McAndrews. 4/23/'26. Detectives Argenza and Ryan.

April 28, '26. As Max Price. Burglary. Discharged. Magistrate McAndrews. 4/29/'26. Detective Leech.

Jan. 14, '27. As Max Price. Robbery. Discharged. Magistrate Walsh. Detectives Broderick and O'Donnell.

Each of these entries, telling of one new encounter of Price with the police and the inevitable disposition of the case, is made on a separate blue "arrest" card at Police Headquarters in New York City. The cards devoted to the subject of Mr. Price were beginning to make a considerable pile when on January 16, 1928, Recording Lieutenant E. C. Casey filled out one more. But in that small space on the form card left for a report on "Action of the Court," Lieutenant Casey (and one can imagine him doing it with considerable relief, if not a little pleasure), wrote with a final flourish: "Twenty years in Sing Sing." There certainly was every reason to believe that it was "Curtains" for Price, that this was the "Finis" on a long police record which had cost the taxpayers thousands of dollars in the compiling. But with the exception of time spent in jail awaiting trial, Price only served one day of that twenty-year sentence.

He Had Other Businesss

AT five o'clock on the afternoon of January 26, 1927, half a dozen armed men rushed into a warehouse garage at 117 Hudson Street, Manhattan, overpowered several drivers and helpers and drove off with a truck loaded with $92,000 worth of aspirin. The unusual nature of the loot caused this story of an otherwise routine hijacking case to receive considerable attention in the press of the day. Until the final solution of the case, nearly a month later, a score of detectives and patrolmen worked on the case at one time or another.

It seemed at first that the burglars had made a perfect get-away. They had hidden their tracks well. A temporary break occurred in the case when several of the members of the large gang, apparently fearful of disposing of their unusual loot, opened tentative negotiations with the owners of the stolen property with the hope of receiving a

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part of the large reward of $75,000, which was offered for the return of the goods. There was some slip-up, however, the squealers in the gang lost courage or were silenced, and the trail closed.

After the robbery the stolen truck and its load of $92,000 worth of aspirin were driven to a hideout garage in Brooklyn. There the hijackers began to realize the enormity of the job which they had undertaken. Before they could risk offering their stolen goods in the bootleg drug market, it was necessary for them to remove all identifying marks from each of the thousands of tiny package containers. They set to work on the task, which was not only tedious and wearying, but one which proved impossible to keep from becoming general neighborhood knowledge.

That was exactly what happened, and in due time word of the mysterious labor in the garage was carried to the police. Sensing that they were dealing with a large, probably ruthless, certainly daring and shrewd gang, the police, anxious to catch as many of the members as possible, proceeded with much caution. The garage was carefully watched for several days; every visitor to the place was carefully tailed, and all of their movements were checked. When they were at last ready, the police moved in and took possession of the garage and the stolen goods. An unexpected visitor while they were in possession was none other than our old friend Max Price, who identified himself as being in the dress goods business.

Early in January, 1928, Price and half a dozen other members of the Aspirin Gang, as they were now called, went on trial in County Court before Judge McLaughlin on charges of burglary. On January 16, Price, along with his co-defendants, was found guilty as charged. Price was given a sentence of twenty years. At a personal cost, which hardly seemed to be in keeping with the means of a man whose principal activity appeared to be that of playing hide-and-seek with the police and being discharged in Magistrates' Courts, Price appealed the verdict. The Appellate Division supported his shrewd contention that the police case against him had not proven his actual participation in the burglary, that his only "evident" connection with the affair of the missing aspirin tablets was the misfortune to turn up at the Brooklyn garage just when he did. The Appellate Division granted him a new trial and he was released in $7,500 bail. When the new trial was called Price manfully and with considerable braggadocio stepped up and pleaded guilty to conspiracy, which happens to be a misdemeanor. He was sentenced to serve one day in City Prison.

Since this surprising escape from a twenty-year sentence in Sing Sing, in 1929, Price has had eleven additional entries made in his record at Police Headquarters. Those eleven new records, all ending with that cheerful (to him) word *"Discharged"* are concerned with such a variety of crimes as burglary, robbery, possession of burglar's tools, homicide (gun) and assault and robbery.

Latterly the record further discloses that the New York police have been attempting to deal with the ubiquitous Menace known as Price, alias Praiss, alias Braun, through the invoking of "722," which makes it an offense to consort with known criminals. Apparently this much touted aid to harassed police officials does not seem to be a very effective weapon, at least it does not seem to have been in the matter of dealing with Price, for in each and every instance on which he was brought in on this charge the case was promptly dismissed.

The Sanction of the Law

It would appear to be the consensus of these magistrates that the proper interpretation of this section of the Penal Code is that the police case must show that the meeting was for criminal purposes, i.e., with the intention of actually planning a new crime. On one of his recent and frequent appearances in the daily line-up at Police Headquarters when Price was brought in on a "722" he answered brazenly to the charge that the instance of consorting for which he was arrested was not for the purpose of planning a warehouse robbery but for the selection of a headquarters office for the running of a policy game, a widespread crime for which the New York criminal world at this writing is being set on its ears by a sweeping investigation of the racket.

Arrests on charges of possessing burglar's tools appear to be equally as ineffective as arrests under "722." The most practical tools for such a purpose are well protected in the original intent of their manufacture. A crowbar is the innocent tool of the miner's trade; the jimmy and the chisel, those of the carpenter. Any well-stocked automobile tool compartment will provide all of the mechanical assistance which an active and agile second-story worker needs.

Toward the end of November of last year William Grabow was bowling along on the outskirts of Long Island City in a delivery truck of the Helena Rubenstein beauty establishments. As he was leaving Astoria, he became aware of a speeding sedan overtaking him. He drew over slightly toward the right side of the road, but continued on his way. Suddenly the sedan came abreast of his truck and began crowding him into the curb. When he was finally forced to stop his machine to prevent it from being forced up onto the sidewalk, the sedan also stopped, two men, both armed, jumped out, forced Grabow into the passenger machine and then drove off with the loaded truck.

Two headquarters detectives were assigned to the case. In the course of their work they brought Grabow to the Bureau of Criminal Identification. He looked at a great many portraits in the Rogue's Gallery. He was not certain, but he thought he saw something familiar in one of the pictures. Two days later, a recording lieutenant was filling out one more blue "arrest" card. "As Max Price," it began. . . . A few days after that the lieutenant had the same card out again to complete the file on this one more case. He wrote: "Discharged. Magistrate Hoffman, 1st Dist. Court, Queens. 11/28/'34."

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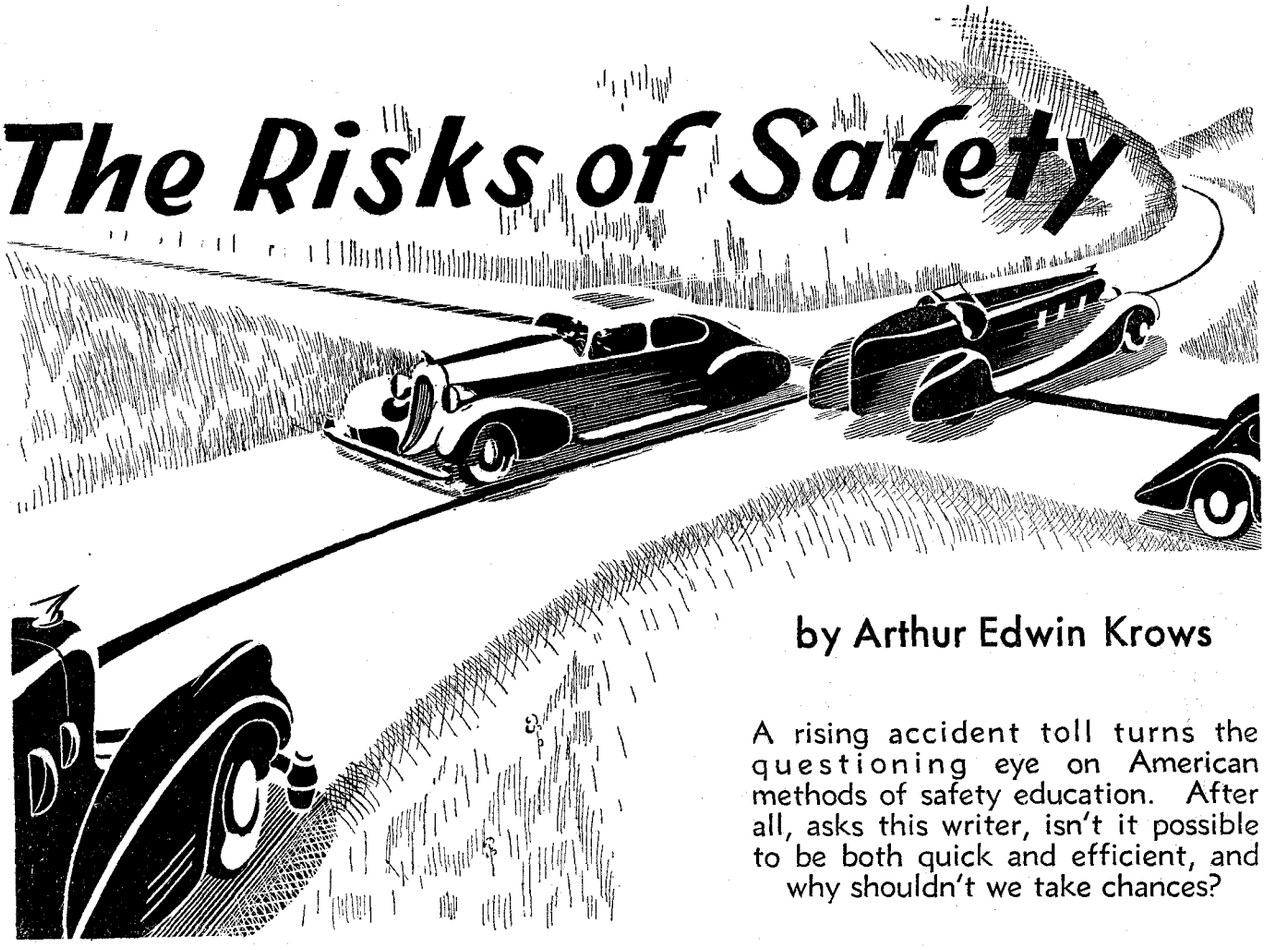
The Risks of Safety



by Arthur Edwin Krows

A rising accident toll turns the questioning eye on American methods of safety education. After all, asks this writer, isn't it possible to be both quick and efficient, and why shouldn't we take chances?

DESPITE THE FACT that during 1934 there were in active operation on the highways of the United States more safety devices and more safety methods than at any other time since the motor car was introduced, the facts are that there was established a national, and what for awhile seemed to be an all time, record of 35,500 deaths and nearly a million persons injured in automobile accidents.

The deaths alone represent an increase of 16 per cent over the corresponding figure for 1933; and it is the conclusion of The Travelers, the Hartford insurance group which has made some of the most authoritative studies of this sort, that if the trend continues a total of more than 40,000 automobile fatalities may accumulate before the close of 1935. Confirming the soundness of the prophecy is the statement just made by New York's Police Commissioner Valentine that during the two weeks ending March 2, there was a rise of 59 per cent in automobile deaths in the city as compared with similar tragedies in the like period in 1934.

There remains, however, a still more important finding to be made—one that will be less freely admitted—namely, that the elaborate campaigns for safety education being conducted by so many agencies in the fields of industry and social service, are falling down. They have many proved accomplishments to their credit, and for these they should be commended; but by the evidence of these late figures the trouble that they seek to end is gaining the upper hand. Whatever the reason may be, whether it is or is not true that Depression jitters have caused more accidents than are normal, they are failing of their purpose.

The prospect is that either the present combative efforts must be redoubled or there must be substituted a wholly new system of strategy and tactics. Sentiment seems to favor a complete reform of the campaign against carelessness. But what would, what could, the new plan be?

Heretofore the prevailing scheme has been to implore the public to think. Doubling that would be merely to make the public think twice as hard, to weigh more deeply the probable consequences of acts about to be made—really to "Stop, Look and Listen" at railroad crossings, actually to slow down for curves and caution lights, to take the village limit of only twenty miles per hour at its signpost value. On the other hand, the advocates of complete reform incline to the opinion that to wait until the motorist reaches the crossing is too late to teach him effectively. It is their idea to go further back, to have him so convinced of what he ought to do before he even glimpses the track that the "Stop, Look and Listen" notice becomes only a reminder of what he already has accepted as his bounden duty.

One of the first leaders in the line to join the reform movement was the late Alison J. Van Brunt, long head of the Department of Safety Education of the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey and an active member of the National Safety Council. In the last four or five years of his use-

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ful life, this doughty campaigner yielded an increasing importance to what he knew as "the habit of safety."

He believed with William James and the later psychologists that developed habits became instinctive, that once formed there is no other natural way to perform the acts appertaining to them, that a person who has accustomed himself to alight from a bus or street car facing forward, for instance, would never think of catching the handle on the other side of the door, to lower himself to the street level and backwards.

The Habit of Safety

WHAT made the old gentleman favor the *habit of safety* still more was his late conviction that the person in a crucial situation, where quick thinking and action are essential, should not be confused with a lot of copy-book *Dos* and *Don'ts*. It was in his experience, as in that of nearly everyone else, that the extremely "safe" person—H. T. Webster's Caspar Milquetoast is the type—is actually one of the most dangerous on the roads.

Certainly also there are times when, in the best interests of general safety, it is necessary to forget the rules, to take chances. Van Brunt, by the testimony of thousands of placards displayed at his behest throughout his native state, hated the jaywalker with fervor; and yet there was a particular short cut that he used to take now and then from his office to the Newark Athletic Club, that ignored the regular crossing through traffic because it was far more dangerous there with automobiles swinging without warning around the corner. One of the noblest chances that he took—and he loved to tell about it—was literally to throw out an ambulance surgeon who insisted on using a pulmotor on a nearly electrocuted lineman upon whom Van Brunt personally and successfully was using the prone pressure method of resuscitation.

If it were left to the public itself to develop safety education, the subject probably would be much neglected because the public's heart is really not in safety. Until the dawning of the Age of Big Business in America, the expression "public safety" referred exclusively to police duty. When giant industries developed and estimates of profit and loss were made in terms of thousands of employees instead of just old Tom, Dick and Harry, studies of waste revealed that plant efficiency was impaired by carelessness, and that a worker's safety was not, as the old notion had it, entirely his own affair. So industry, for purely selfish, profit-making reasons, undertook safety education.

Justification was ample and clear. Suppose an employer didn't care about his workers. One would suffer injury in the mill premises, and in a negligence action would compel the proprietor to pay out heavy damages. He wouldn't want that to happen again. Another employer, more humane, would realize that irreparable loss had been occasioned when a pampered foreman possessing particular skill required in a quality output, lay helpless in bed at home in consequence of his own folly on a week-end excursion. And then, of course, tightening state and Federal laws, requiring more enlightened treatment of labor, had their effects.

Out of this changed view, based on cold-blooded expectations of profit, perhaps, but compensating generously for public indifference, arose the elaborate safety departments of such concerns as U. S. Steel, the A. T. & T., General Motors, the splendid achievements in this same direction of the U. S. Bureau of Mines, and, of course, the pioneer safety campaigns organized and conducted by American railroads. Next, the great insurance companies conceived from their casualty lists the highly constructive idea that they could reduce their own risks by persuading policy-holders to take better care of themselves.

Methods employed by these agencies to bring the erring public into line have fallen into four broad classifications: safety appliances, warnings, punishments, rewards and general education. While the development of appliances and the punishments are, strictly speaking, outside the precise bailiwick of these prejudiced interests, both have been fostered largely as a result of their support. The availability of a good new device for safeguarding life and limb on an assembly line, for example, will be advertised widely by these agencies without charge to the inventor or manufacturer; and laws and ordinances providing penalties for disregard of safety, are instigated by the same groups.

It is enlightening to review some of the larger methods just to understand the nature of their shortcomings. In the matter of safety devices, it has become curiously apparent that the safer they are the more they may promote carelessness in persons in their vicinity. This was observed long ago. When New York City had proved the practicability of its first Interborough subway system about 1906, there was installed, as one of a large number of lesser wonders, a scheme that would automatically halt a train if it ran past a stop signal. When it was discovered that motormen, confident that this device would do the work, were ignoring the signals, the device was discontinued. The so-called "dead-man's throttle," however, is still used.

Human Responsibility

THE automatic steersman on a transatlantic steamship is a contrivance uncanny in its operation. None the less there remains plenty to occupy the attention of the captain and his men. Robot devices on airplanes appear to the casual observer to have reduced aviation to a dull routine of watching dials; but any informed person will explain quickly that it isn't so. The human factor, with its resourcefulness, its trained judgment and its daring, is that which in the long run should have the burden of responsibility for safe control.

Employers in the heavy machinery area around Detroit are greatly interested just now in a safety application of that modern Proteus, the photo-electric cell. Should a worker poised above a wicked combination of cogs and gears lose his footing and fall, his body would intercept a beam of light and

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the machine would stop. Further west a railroad is experimenting with a contrivance placed in an engineer's cab on a train speeding out over the prairie, that simultaneously works a similar one back at the home terminal and tells the observer there the train's exact position. Outfit two trains in this manner and the safety value is obvious. The studies ultimately will show whether or not the wonder of these things is leading the persons they are designed to serve to depend on them to a dulling of their own vigilance.

As to warnings, there has been a change of opinion here also. How many keep the Commandments because of the unceasing warnings about Hell? What assurance have we that the horrors in a hypothetical picture of an awful automobile crash do not so unnerve the spectator that the next time he sits behind the wheel of his motor car he will be unfit to drive? And if it does not affect him powerfully, is that not proof of its inefficacy in another way? Also, what about those persons to whom a command *not* to do a thing is a sure provocation to attempt it, just to prove the engaging thought that this is a free country in which everyone has a right to do as he likes! Concerning warnings the American situation is peculiar. It is a national habit of mind to discount warnings. A property owner with a few decorative dogwood trees puts up with invasions as long as his patience will stand and then posts a sign: *"Keep Out. Trespassers will be prosecuted."* Presently he finds that of little avail and he adds to the sign three words, *"This Means You."* Soon the incomers lose respect for that and the owner proceeds successively to put up a fence, to top that with two or three strands of barbed wire, and finally to employ a couple of guards with shotguns. In most other countries the first sign would be sufficient. But in the United States there is more truth than jest in the old vaudeville wheeze about the man who explained that he had readily opened a door marked *"No Admittance"* because it didn't say *"Positively."*

WHO'S RESPONSIBLE?

The accident toll of deaths in the United States for the year 1934 is divided by the National Safety Council as follows:

Motor vehicle	35,500
Home accident	33,000
Occupational	15,500
Other sorts	17,500

The total number of serious injuries not resulting in death is given as 9,398,500. Injuries and fatalities together are said to have cost approximately $2,400,000,000, including wage loss and medical care, and property losses are set at $800,000,000.

Skeptical Citizens

ALL statements to the contrary notwithstanding, it is not that the American has any more brass than his relatives overseas; it is just that our laws are not generally meant to be taken seriously. They have been placed on the statute books mainly for the convenience of officers who now and then need technical excuses for detaining known evildoers.

Coming to the subject of punishments and their deterrent effects on carelessness, recklessness and the like, the public is not especially afraid of penalties. For small offenses the citizen can usually wriggle his way out of summonses. To him a police ticket represents just the annoyance of telephoning somebody with enough influence to "fix" it. If the car is smashed, if somebody breaks a leg, the insurance company will care for those things; or if there's no insurance, the chances are that the car is about three years old and has only a junk turn-in value at the dealer's anyhow.

Inducements

NOW rewards for safety: Well, those are pastimes for the kids—big events for the Boy and Girl Scouts. Or if they are regarded earnestly by grownups, it will be found that as a rule they are of negative significance—the medal usually reads, "Awarded to So-and-So for having served in line of duty for forty years *without* accident."

And finally there is safety education itself—the careful training of youngsters in the schools, fire drills at sea, resuscitation demonstrations in factories, the tons of carefully prepared literature for the asking. These items go far to make safety education a valid idea. And yet with mounting tolls of injury and death, where are the results? Whatever the reform of safety education is to be, it must take full cognizance of the hard fact that by and large, safety is something that is merely offered to His Majesty, the American Citizen, as a tempting experiment. Depending on his mood, he takes it or leaves it—usually leaves it. Bitter experience in which he himself has richly shared has proved that he cannot be compelled to take it. In consequence the campaigners for safety have become just so many salesmen of an idea, frequently spending more time to dress it attractively in catch phrases than to put it over on its homely native merits.

Your average citizen is ready and willing to admit that safety is a good thing, an excellent thing—but almost always for the other fellow. He will wax eloquent over the idea for the benefit of his wife and children or any other person or thing that he loves; but for himself he rarely puts it into practice.

There might be room for missionary work in this sentiment about the other fellow if the average citizen really meant it. Unfortunately his recommendation of safety for the other fellow is largely to save himself annoyance and because he has reason to believe that the stranger is infinitely more careless than he is himself. Love of his fellow man has nothing much to do with it.

In truth—and here is one more observation on why current safety education methods are so ineffective—the American of 1935 has far less con-

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sideration for his neighbor than his native-born parents had. The fault is not his but is of the times. The parents depended on their neighbors for their well being. The neighbor helped out when the family doctor was not easily to be reached; entertainment was at his fireside when there were no movies; he helped mend the fences when the cattle were escaping—and there were dozens and dozens of reasons why men were truer to one another in 1900 than in 1935 when a man may shut himself up in a room without seeing his fellow men from one year's end to the other, and still enjoy most of the luxuries of modern civilization. This is inevitably a selfish age.

Threaten the average citizen with death if he rounds the road at the top of the cliff at too great a speed, and he laughs at you. In the first place, he knows that there is no certainty that death will result from the peculiar combination of circumstances that make up his particular car and his particular self; in the second, he has no sense of death—it is no part of his experience. As far as he knows, it never happened to him before and he can't quite conceive it as a personal matter. The chances are more than even that he will negotiate the turn and reach the cabin before you. After all, Rodman Law, one of the greatest daredevils of modern times, actually died in his bed of natural causes and generally intact.

Once again, here is the peculiar American psychology. Our whole social scheme is based on the popular idea that taking a chance spells success. Since the days of Columbus the New World has been a place of opportunity. When it knocks, even the schools will tell you, seize it and adjust the conditions later.

This everyday American philosophy of "nothing ventured, nothing gained" is supported by a related idea that, no matter what the professors say, one can't be sure of anything—the professors least of all. And behold the evidence that may be adduced for that: Saving has been discredited by closed banks and industrial crashes; fortunes have been made by bootleggers and policy kings, and despite the postal authorities, by chancing a dollar or two on sweepstakes.

Almost daily inventions and improvements of the old, put fresh means for taking chances into the hands of every man, woman and child. Greater horsepower is put into the engines; the cheapest new Ford or Chevrolet will easily do seventy miles on a straightaway. New roads are laid with middle lanes for faster traffic, signs upon them denote forty- and fifty-mile zones and elaborate by-passes are built that express traffic may not be obstructed by shoppers on Main Street.

A Modernized Safety Plan

For a long time to come the safety educators will be unable to root this sentiment out of American life. And after all, why should it be rooted out? Apart from all question of whether or not it might be eradicated (and it is highly improbable that it ever will be), why not go with the citizen along the line of his bent and teach him to use wisely the power he covets? Recognize the difference between the man in vigorous health and with the responsibility that assures his exercise of good judgment, and the person weak, worried and sick, or maybe just overly fatigued, who should not take chances. Grade the privilege with the right to enjoy it, and perhaps men and women will listen more readily to ideas of safety for their own sakes.

So the chief obstacle to safety education just now is not individual carelessness but a national state of mind. The citizen does not want a system that obliges him to stop and weigh *pros* and *cons* when he's in a tight place; he refuses to memorize a bunch of rules that have not stirred the depths of his conviction; he does not want to be obliged to hug the curb at twenty miles an hour when there's an open road and his car is capable of forty throttled down. He wants his habit of safety to be an unobtrusive contribution to his peace of mind, like his reasonable habits of health, thrift and general integrity.

Useful habits are like that. One in adult life no longer debates with himself over the problems of brushing teeth, combing hair or putting on his socks and shoes. They have become regular stops in an accepted daily routine, leaving the mind and attention free for matters of larger importance.

There are similar possibilities in a developed habit of safety.

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Game of the Moment

by George Andrews

THAT YEAR we, the oldsters—most of us veterans over thirty—were still playing whist, or rather what had been whist until it became bridge-whist, then auction. We called it contract, and if the pink slip which Ely Culbertson filed that year was any sort of yardstick at all there must have been at least 10,000,000 of us still playing it —not including the dummies. Here and there on the lunatic fringe of the conservative addicts, the radicals mentioned *sotto voce* a new game. They called it towie and tried to explain its superior advantages to contract in the face of uplifted eyebrows and haughty stares from our conservative little coterie of ten million.

We knew there couldn't be anything to it. Of course not. But just to be on the safe side, that spring—I'm not sure, but I think it was the year that our Federal budget was about eight billion out of whack and the New Dealers were moving our cotton industry, all in one piece, out of the South and into Brazil—we changed our rules ever so slightly, just to be on the safe side, you know. We—I mean Harold S. Vanderbilt, of course, but the rest of us looked on with beaming approval—reduced the grand slam bonuses to 1,000 points for the non-vulnerable, and 1,500 for the vulnerables, changed the counting of the no-trump tricks, and ruled that the "dummy" should no longer be called the dummy but "declarer's partner"—and high time, too!

Looking back at it now through the years, looking on it all as if it were a sort of footnote to history, we see quite clearly that that year, when Hitler tore up the Treaty of Versailles and Europe was trembling on the brink of the Second World War, the young manhood of America, nickels jingling in their pockets, were saying, "Boy, all I need now is a kick!" Surprising how few of them knew what a Yarborough was, or the proper approach lead to a double squeeze, or a *finesse.*

To be sure the higher courts of the State of New York had never ruled on *our* game; and it had ruled on *theirs;* some decision on forty-two pages of legal-size paper about it not being a gambling game, although they did gamble—*on the side*—usually a quarter and costs.

"What did you get, Joe? I got sixteen thousand four hundred!"

With the arrival of the Purity Era, which came in with Repeal, the old slot machines were moved out and the new machines came in. The young men of that generation usually began the day's play around 9 in the morning in the corner drugstores of the nation, although, in all fairness it must be said that there were some lads of sterner stuff who took the oath and never dropped a nickel in the slot or touched the plunger until after they had had their first cup of coffee.

I recollect that they (the machines, I mean) were introduced comparatively late into the railroad stations. Then we became aware of a hurrying commuter who had missed the 5:15 trying "his luck," unopposed, shooting for a mythical high score, hanging on the fate of the white ball as it teetered on the brink of "2000" and finally came to rest inevitably in "200"—while he, the commuter, waited for the 6:19 and the chops were burned to a crisp at home. There were usually half a dozen other commuters, all strangers to the player, who stood around gaping, either breathless or sullenly contemptible of the skill displayed. All of this, mind you, after the small "three footer" for private play had invaded the American home, and after cafes had begun to make entire bars out of the machines. In self-defense by the proprietors that was done, so that playing, which became an enormous national time consumer might not interfere with the nation's consumption of alcoholic beverages.

We heard that the dispossessed racketeers of a once illegal liquor traffic were muscling in. But even then we oldsters with calluses on our thumbs from long-lived hope to deal ourselves a thirteen card spade suit lay-down, doubled and redoubled, didn't get really alarmed.

The final and crushing blow came from another quarter—from the manager of the world's largest hotel, which up until that time had been in the hands of a receiver. Naturally he announced his news with a good deal of jubilation. The first convention in four long years of the Depression, he said, which had paid all its bills and showed a profit for the hotel was the convention of the National Association of Bagatelle Manufacturers and Distributors. That, as I believe I mentioned before, was the year Hitler tore up the Treaty of Versailles and Europe trembled on the brink of the Second World War.

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Men of Comics

by William E. Berchtold

In this New Outlook group-personalgraph, Mr. Berchtold examines the men whose daily output is read by more people than is any other single product of the American printing press.

IF THE MAKE-UP OF NEWSPAPERS was dictated by the reader interests of the millions of subscribers, managing editors would be forced to devote their front pages solely to news pictures and comic strips. The front page "banner" news story now accorded the No. 1 position in the newspaper would have to play second fiddle to all news pictures, all comic strips, the oddities cartoon (*Believe It or Not* or *Strange As It Seems*), the leading department store advertisement, the editorial cartoon, and perhaps the love fiction serial. This is not fancy but hard fact, backed up by elaborate and intensive studies of the varying degrees of reader interest in the different sections of the daily and Sunday newspapers. And therein lies the story of the rise of the comics as the most interesting phenomenon of the 20th century newspaper, as one of the most unique industries to enter the realm of big business, as one of the most revealing commentaries on American culture.

The comics made their first appearance in American newspapers as a by-product of the once despised "yellow journalism" of the Gay '90s, which centered about the rival efforts of the enterprising William Randolph Hearst and Joseph Pulitzer. Pulitzer's New York *World* installed its first color press in 1894, ostensibly to print color fashion pages; but the Sunday editor, Morrill Goddard, persuaded the management to try a color comic to test the press, and on the last Sunday in November, 1894, a drawing depicting the antics of a slum urchin in a nightgown appeared. It was drawn by Richard F. Outcault, a draftsman for *Electrical World*. Not long after the *World* had given prominence to Outcault's drawings, which proved an unexpected hit, Hearst offered the artist more money to join the New York *Journal*. There he continued the antics of the uncouth, big-eared urchin in his *Hogan's Alley* strip, more familiarly known to the early followers of the comics as *The Yellow Kid*. That name was given the comic by its readers when Gus Thom, who was responsible for choosing colors for the comic, dressed the urchin in a yellow nightgown as a practical joke.

The new comics were despised by the "better" class of readers, but they were followed avidly by the masses, sent circulations skyrocketing. Reformers demanded that *The Yellow Kid* be dropped because of its lack of respectability, and Outcault finally did turn to a more respectable strip for the New York *Herald* in 1902 when he created *Buster Brown,* an unruly youth with an impeccable social background. Hearst took on Rudolph Dirks in 1897 to do the *Katzenjammer Kids* (German slang for "hang-over" kids), and thereby headed toward the first big legal battle of the comics. The *World,* not forgetting Hearst's capture of Outcault, enticed Dirks into its camp. The bitter legal controversy which followed finally resulted in Hearst obtaining the rights to the *Katzenjammer Kids,* but not to its creator. Dirks continued the characters in the *World* under the title *Hans and Fritz,* which during the World War was changed to *Captain and the Kids* to purge it of its German ancestry. Hearst's *Katzenjammer Kids* (drawn by H. H. Knerr) and United Features' *Captain and the Kids* (obtained from the *World* upon its death in 1931) remain as the sole survivors of all the strips started in the '90s. They capitalize upon the practical joke, a favorite device of German humor, and they are direct imitations of Wilhelm Busch's *Max and Moritz* strips, which were popular in Germany as early as 1840. The overwhelming popularity of the comics even forced newspapers which despised "yellow journalism" to adopt them, and today they appear in some 2,300 American newspapers. Only two major newspapers, the New York *Times* and Boston *Transcript,* exist without comics.

Comics did not enter the realm of Big Business until the syndicate idea, evolved in England and

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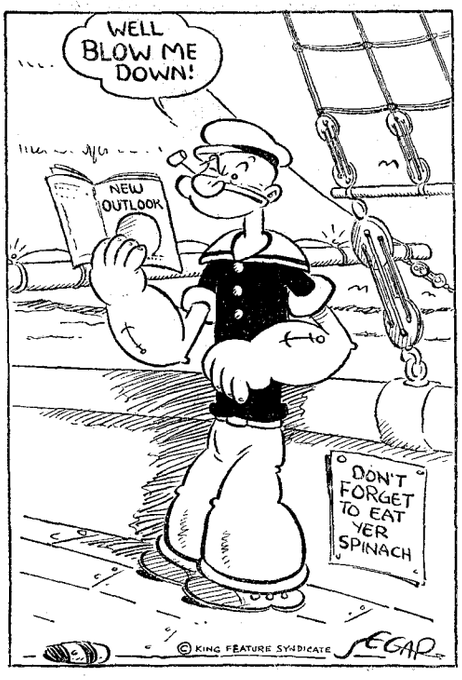
imported to America with success by S. S. McClure, engulfed them. Editors shied from the syndicated comic at first because they felt that a newspaper could not be successful unless it retained its individuality. Because even the most fastidious managing editor had to recognize the fact the circulation, and consequently advertising revenues, depend upon features more than news, and that comic strips are the backbone of a newspaper's features, the artists were able to burst the tightened purse strings of the publishers. They demanded, and got, increasingly higher salaries, until the burden was more than one newspaper desired to bear alone. The result was syndication of the comics, as well as other features, on a mass distribution scale, giving the individual newspapers the most popular strips for a fraction of what they would have to pay the artists. The growth of the syndicates, together with the rise of the three great press associations, has brought about a degree of standardization of the American press which must cause such individualists of the last century as Greeley and Bowles and Dana to twirl in their graves. The standardization has had a marked effect upon the unification of American culture, for the interests of readers in Miami and Seattle and Los Angeles and Boston have been leveled to a common standard. The salesman on a transcontinental journey can follow the fortunes of *Little Orphan Annie* or *Bringing Up Father* or *Tarzan* every day whether he is in New York, or Illinois, or Nebraska, or California.



The comics industry could be housed comfortably, with each artist and syndicate executive at his own desk, in the Capitol Chamber of the United States House of Representatives. Which shows that it is a very compact business. Its most widely read prima donnas would not even fill the Senate Chamber, but nearly all of them would spurn the $15,000 annual salary which Senators get. From a dozen to a score receive or have received annual stipends higher than the $75,000 paid the President of the United States, a few have doubled that amount. Their incomes, which are not limited to salaries and royalties from their newspaper strips, often include royalties from stage or motion picture rights, collections of their works, etc. Oddly enough, the comic artist with the largest annual income (Walt Disney at about $400,000 yearly) receives most of his money from Mickey Mouse dolls, etc., while the Hollywood actor with the highest annual income (Will Rogers) receives only a fraction of his money from the movies, collects a substantial sum from newspaper syndication.

The first comic artist to reach the millionaire class was Harry Conway (Bud) Fisher, whose entrance into Big Money (when he joined John N. Wheeler's syndicate in 1915) forecast an era of prosperity for the Big Name comic artists. Salaries and royalties have fallen during the depression years, although some of the top-notchers with contracts of long standing still top the U. S. President's salary. The syndicates, which now own the copyrights to most of their features, have discovered that by promotion and showmanship they can build up relatively unimportant or new artists, who can be bound to long term contracts at a fraction of the older salaries. Some syndicates, such as the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate, pay their artists royalties on 50 per cent of the gross income from their strips. The comics industry grosses between $6,000,000 and $7,000,000 annually.

Biggest of the comic strip factories is the Hearst-owned King Features Syndicate with its affiliated Central Press and International News Features, headed up by Joseph Vincent Connolly. Closest rival to Hearst is the smaller but potent Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate, whose guiding hand is that of Captain Joseph Medill Patterson. Scripps-Howard has its United Features Syndicate, with Monte Bourjaily as chief, and the affiliated Newspaper Enterprise Association. The Herald Tribune Syndicate, owned by the New York *Herald Tribune,* has heavy set, bald-headed Harry Staton as manager. All of these have a key paper, or string of key papers, behind them. Similar, in that it has a journalistic home grounds for its output, but unique, in that it is a non-profit corporation owned coöperatively by its 1,300 member papers, is The Associated Press Feature Service with Wilson Hicks as its chief. The other syndicates have no newspaper ownership tie-ups. Biggest of the independents is The Bell Syndicate with John N. Wheeler as president. It is rivalled by the McNaught Syndicate headed by Charles V. McAdam. There are a score of smaller independents, but none of them rank with these top-notchers.

Connolly, Patterson, Wheeler, McAdam, Bourjailly, Hicks and Staton probably know more about the likes and dislikes of the tens of millions of Americans who read newspapers than any other men in the country. They have learned much of it through years of trial and error experimentation with what they thought the masses would like, or ought to like. They have learned many things, often expressed with alarming candor, directly from the readers themselves, for nothing in the daily newspaper draws more "Letters to the Edi-

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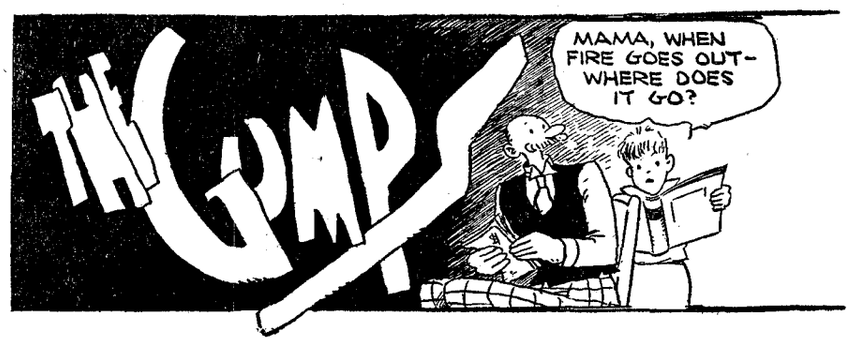
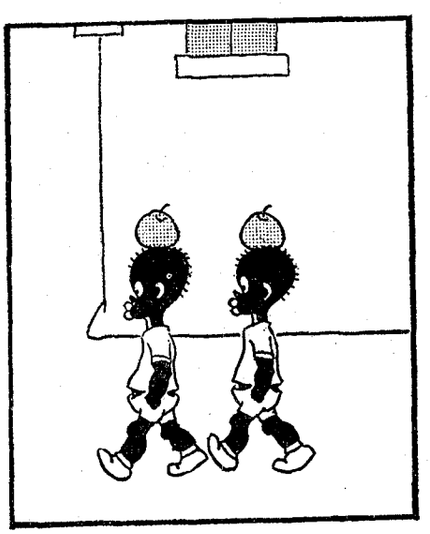
tor" than the comics. These letters have built up a formidable mass of taboos within the limits of which the comic artists must work. There is no written book of "don'ts" for the comic artist to follow, but the rules are no less exacting because of the absence of such formalized instructions. The comics must try to please everybody and hurt nobody. They are the closest possible approach to a common denominator for the people of the United States. They offer a more important key to an understanding of the American mind than many other better studied evidences of our national culture.

With all their knowledge of what will reach the largest masses of American readers, Messrs. Connolly, Patterson, Wheeler, McAdam *et al.,* would not have suggested to major newspaper advertisers in 1928 or 1929 that they put their advertisements in the Sunday color comic sections. If they had dared to suggest that advertisers should pay a premium rate for comic section space, they might have been rushed off to insane asylums. The fact is that while these men knew that the comics boosted circulation, they did not know how the reader interest of adults in the comic section compared with other parts of the paper. It took Dr. George Gallup to awaken the newspaper world to the fact that 68 per cent of the men and 71 per cent of the women buying newspapers read the comics, while the front page "banner" news story was read by only 47 per cent of the men readers and 36 per cent of the women readers. Only the news picture page received a higher degree of reader interest than the comics. These Gallup surveys and other studies, made with painstaking care by checking tens of thousands of readers of all classes in twenty cities, brought advertising into the color comic sections in 1931. Hawley Turner of the Hearst *Comic Weekly-Puck* set out with the Gallup figures and a strip of movie-like diving girl sequences to sell the Depression-ridden advertising world on putting its money into the comic sections. He proposed that advertisers not only place their ads in



the comic sections at a higher page rate, but that they use the comic strip technique to *give movement* to their story. His diving girl sequence was used to explain the secret of the comic strip's hold on the reader, the motion picture's grip on its audience, the race track's fascination: *Movement!* Ralph Starr Butler, of General Foods, took the first comic page advertising to stop Grape Nuts' decline in sales. Its success started the move into the comic sections, and subsequently the expansion of those sections until some papers now offer fifty comics on Sunday. Last year Hearst's *Comic Weekly-Puck* brought nearly $2,000,000 in advertising revenues; the newspaper industry as a whole (with 188 Sunday papers accepting comic advertising) received $9,000,000 from this new source of revenue.

The artists are the backbone of this unique industry. The last forty years of the comics have seen a tremendous change in the character of their output. The comics have been metamorphosed from the "gag" strip with its grotesque drawing complete in every issue to the "continuity" story strip with an increasing trend toward realism. There was usually a laugh in every Tad (the late Thomas Aloysius Dorgan) picture, and you didn't have to follow the retired dean of American comic artists, Frederick Burr Opper (*Happy Hooligan*), and his school for a lifetime to get the point. Cliff Sterrett (*Polly and Her Pals*), Milt Gross (*Grossly Xaggerated*) and a few others remain as specimens of the gag strip, but most of today's widely read strips are of the continuity type. They do not always try for a laugh, and some pretend not to be funny. Some might more appropriately be called "tragics" or "pathetics" than comics, but technically they are all called "comics." We present some notes on the great and near-great (no woman has ever been successful) in a gallery of the Men of the Comics:



HAROLD LINCOLN GRAY (*Little Orphan Annie*). A mediocre artist who learned the tricks of the trade while lettering "balloons" and drawing backgrounds for Robert Sidney Smith's *Gumps,* Gray now produces the best liked and most avidly followed strip in America. His rise to success with *Little Orphan Annie* within the last ten years marks the complete triumph of the continuity story over the older gag-type strip and testifies to the eternal qualities of the Cinderella and Pollyanna formula in appealing to the masses. Like so many other comics of the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate, both the name and the original idea for this strip were the brain children of Captain Joseph Medill Patterson, whose keen understanding of the American mass-mind is best reflected in the circulation figures (largest in America) of his New York *Daily News.* The crudely drawn characters (Annie has circles for eyes and her dog, Sandy, scarcely

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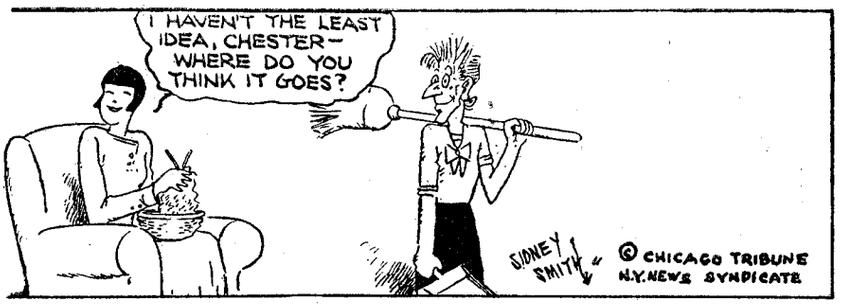
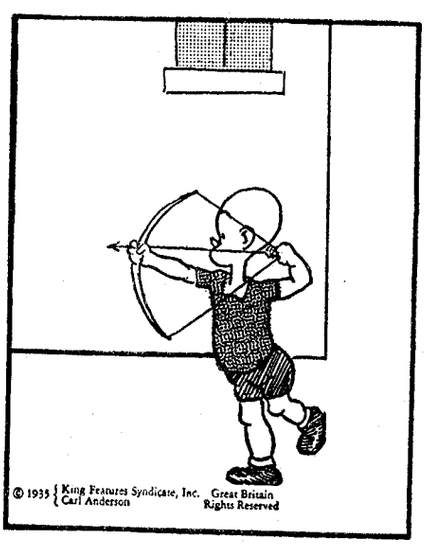


looks like a dog) are Gray's own creations, but Captain Patterson nursed the story along for months, still steps in occasionally to guide the strip.

Starting her career August 5, 1924, Annie lived in the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Silo until Artist Gray sent her to the city to live in the luxurious atmosphere provided by her new, diamond-studded, big-business man guardian, Daddy Warbucks. Captain Patterson, fearing the public would tire of Annie in her new-found luxury, directed Gray to return her to the simplicity of her farm surroundings. When Gray, quite certain that he knew a few things about comics himself, delayed in executing the suggestion, Captain Patterson deliberately left *Little Orphan Annie* out of the Chicago *Tribune,* as a disciplinary measure, October 27, 1925. Although the strip was then only little more than a year old, the *Tribune* was swamped with telephone calls and letters of protest. "What am I going to tell the kids?" fathers asked, while several threatened to bomb the *Tribune's* massive Gothic tower if the strip was not returned promptly. Publishers of opposition papers thought they sensed a publicity stunt, refused to believe the true explanation which the *Tribune* published on its front page with a request that readers indicate whether they wanted Annie back on the farm or to continue her life with Mr. Oliver Warbucks, the philanthropic capitalist. The public response was too much for Captain Patterson to ignore; he tore up Gray's old contract, two *Little Orphan Annie* strips were run in the *Tribune* to make up for the day's omission, and Gray was handed a new contract with a substantial increase in salary. Annie, needless to say, was not returned to the farm, although she has had her ups and downs with Daddy Warbucks. Such a typically major crisis as the disappearance of her dog, Sandy, held the interest of her millions of avid followers for days, caused Henry Ford to wire Artist Gray: PLEASE DO ALL YOU CAN TO HELP ANNIE FIND SANDY STOP WE ARE ALL INTERESTED. Gray did what he could with a few strokes of his pen one day and Sandy and Annie were reunited.

Comic strips are usually free from anything smacking of propaganda, but the episodes in Annie's life during the last year have led some to believe that they recognize the sinister hand of Captain Patterson's cousin, Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick, in the collapse of the Warbucks' holdings, the absconding of a trusted clerk with millions, his trial for income taxes and subsequent disgrace, despite innocence. Richard L. Neuberger of the Portland *Oregonian,* writing in the *New Republic,* suggests that Artist Gray is seeking to create martyrs out of millionaires and unscrupulous demagogues out of vigilant district attorneys and militant Senators. "The red-headed idol of thousands of children is doing heroic service in the cause of Andy Mellon, Insull and other persecuted philanthropists," Mr. Neuberger says, pointing to the coincidence of Warbucks' trial at the time of Mr. Insull's legal battles in Chicago. Annie is now the comforter of her benefactor, his riches gone, his good name ruined; and millions of readers follow the strip in the hope that the fortunes of Annie and Daddy Warbucks will soon turn for the better. It has taken Gray ten years to divest Annie of her luxurious surroundings. Captain Patterson, who suggested a return to the simple life for Annie ten years ago, is naturally pleased; Colonel McCormick, No. 1 Administration baiter among U. S. publishers, must know that the strip carries his message more effectively than a hundred editorials; and Artist Gray is happiest of all with a series of sequences which are timely and capable of holding the millions of readers who ultimately determine the size of his royalty checks. Those royalty checks, based on 50 per cent of the gross income received from syndication of the strip throughout the country, have mounted each year, and now approximate those of his erstwhile mentor, Robert Sidney Smith, the most highly paid artist on the roll of the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate.



Gray was born 41 years ago in Kankakee, Ill., and lived for twenty-three years on a farm near there. A university degree is excess baggage for a comic artist, but Gray got one from Purdue University in 1917 before he started to run errands for the Chicago *Tribune* art department for $15 a week. He set up his own commercial studio in 1921, but business was bad and Gray was not much of an artist. The creator of the *Gumps* was tiring of the everlasting grind connected with production of his strips and hired Gray as his assistant. Smith would draw Andy; Gray would put a chair under him, draw in the background, and letter the "balloons." Ambitious to draw a strip of his own, Gray got his chance in 1925 when Captain Patterson decided that he was the man to try the orphan strip which subsequently became *Little Orphan Annie.* The Orphan has been in the movies, played by Mitzi Green; and is a regular feature on the radio. Gray does not attempt to be funny, but depends upon his endless Cinderella-Pollyanna episodes to create reader sympathy for his central characters. He has succeeded to a degree hardly approached by other Men of the Comics. *Little Orphan Annie's* daily audience is larger than that which Radio's Amos and Andy had at the height of their career on the air.

GEORGE McMANUS (*Bringing Up Father*). He looks, walks,

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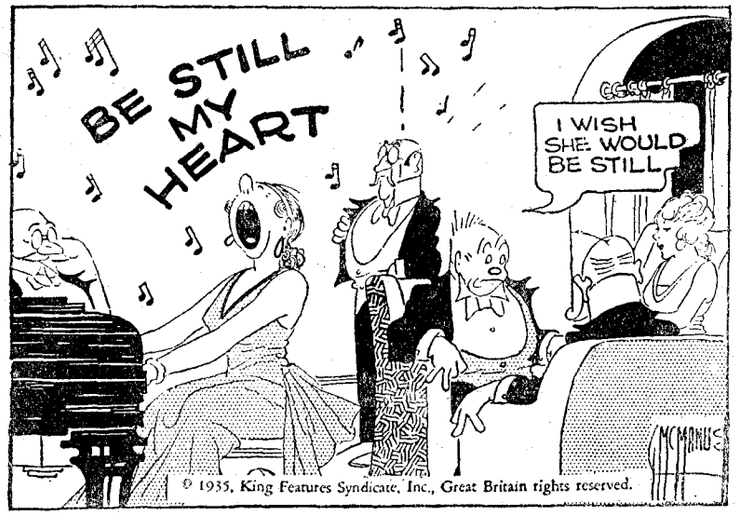
talks and acts like Jiggs, the principal character in his strip, although it annoys him tremendously to have people tell him so. Despite the rise of the continuity story strip, McManus still has the largest reading audience of all comic artists, barring none, chiefly because his strip is unique in that it appeals to men, women and children alike and is considered funny in twenty-nine foreign countries as well as in the United States. In America, Jiggs finds a profoundly sympathetic strain in millions of readers who detest sham and pretense, and are still a little uncomfortable in their newly acquired wealth and leisure. Ever since 1912 Maggie has carried on her indefatigable effort to teach Jiggs a proper appreciation of high society and culture, but Jiggs has remained adamant in his devotion to shirt sleeves, poker, corned beef and cabbage, late hours and such plebeian cronies as Dinty Moore. In South America where Jiggs goes under the name of Don Pancho, the Latins consider it hilariously funny that a wife should dictate to her husband. In England where *Bringing Up Father* is more popular than any domestically produced strip, Englishmen look upon Jiggs as the personification of *those funny Americans*. The strip is popular even in China and Japan, although Jiggs eats rice cakes instead of corned beef and cabbage in the Oriental strips. McManus sometimes gets a huge kick out of reading his own foreign strips, with Jiggs and Maggie spouting Chinese, Spanish or Portuguese. No changes are made for foreign syndication, except for translation of the "balloons" into the appropriate foreign tongue.



McManus drew some twenty different comic strips, including *The Newly Weds, Panhandle Pete,* and *Let George Do It!* before he struck upon the popular characters of Jiggs and Maggie. Both are characters out of an old play which McManus enjoyed and remembered from his childhood with old Billy Barry, one of the best Irish comedians of his day, in it. McManus's father was in the show business, and young McManus frequently saw Barry on the stage in the part which Jiggs now portrays. McManus first drew public attention to his drawing when a St. Louis school teacher assembled several drawings, which her pupil had drawn when he should have been studying his lessons, and sent them to his father.

Young McManus waited for the impending thrashing that night, but it was not until the next morning that his father spoke to him: "Put on your hat and coat and go down to the St. Louis *Republic* to work." The editor had been shown an early McManus and liked it, agreed to put the boy to work at $5 a week, later raised him a dollar a week. McManus has been drawing cartoons ever since, leaving St. Louis at 21 for a job on the New York *World*. He tried strip after strip, but none of them approached the popularity of the one which he finally started under the auspices of William Randolph Hearst, which brought Jiggs and Maggie into the world of the comics. At 52, McManus now lives in Hollywood so that he can be near his mother. He is the No. 1 man in Hearst's huge King Features' factory, although his salary is topped by that of Robert L. (*Believe It or Not*) Ripley, who (unlike McManus) owns the copyright to his feature cartoons. At about $80,000 a year, McManus's income from his strip has been below that of Robert Sidney Smith (*The Gumps*) or Harry Conway Fisher (*Mutt and Jeff*).

ROBERT SIDNEY SMITH (*The Gumps*). At 58, he swims, runs and boxes to retain his football player's build and physique; constantly asks friends to feel his toughened muscles; maintains an elaborate wardrobe and loves to play the role of a beau brummel; winters in Florida and summers on his spacious estat near Chicago; he is playboy with the hea and mind of a child wh will never grow old. Home folks in his native Bloomington, Ill., called him "Bob" when he worked in his father's dental office and later tried the fortunes of an itinerant dentist, without much success. He signed his drawings "R. Sidney Smith" for the Pittsburgh *Post* and Toledo *News Bee,* but an editor's suggestion that he simplify the name, reduced it to "Sidney Smith," brought him his more familiar nickname of "Sid." Smith did his first public drawing on a one-man art lecture tour which included Sunday schools and saloons without discrimination, his fees varying from $5 to a much needed meal. The chalk talks taught him to draw fast and to know what people liked, although it meant many an uncomfortable journey on freight trains between engagements. A brakeman who caught him hooking a ride in a coal car on one occasion shouted: "What are *you* doing here?" Black with coal dust, Smith replied weakly: "I'm giving lectures." The brakeman in near convulsions called to a companion: "Hey, Bill. Look what's givin' lectures."

Smith delighted in drawing fanciful goats during his chalk talks, once filled an "ear" on the Toledo *News Bee* sports page with a goat's head, a wisecrack appended. The editor liked it; the wise-cracking goat continued; later became the principal character in his *Buck Nix* strip. Smith and *Buck Nix* went to the Chicago *Examiner* in 1908, then transferred several years later to the Chicago *Tribune,* where the goat was known as *Doc Yak*. Smith still applies for and gets Doc Yak's old motor car license number "348," uses it on the Rolls Royce which was thrown in with his syndicate contract for ten years of drawing *The Gumps* at a guaranteed minimum of $1,000,000.

Started in 1917, *The Gumps* was the first of the continuity strips which placed emphasis on plot and characters instead of the once popular gag. *The Gumps* were named by Captain Patterson, who wanted a strip that might not be so funny as it would be true to American life. The name "Gump"

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came from an expression long used in the Patterson family as synonymous with "goof" or "simpleton." The popularization of the name later caused one James Edward Gump, Jr., to apply to the courts for a change of his name to Gale, which was granted. Although Smith created Andy Gump as a fanciful character without a chin, men all over the world have written to him insisting they they have been used as the original models for Andy.

Certainly no comic strip has obtained as much editorial comment or Page One news space as *The Gumps*. Major crises in the careers of these comic characters have more than once commanded front page streamer headlines, topping the most important world news of the day. While most American followers of the strip would resent the suggestion that they *are* the Gumps, the phenomenal success of the strip can be traced solely to that fact. Germans traditionally like to laugh at the other fellow, hence the predominance of the practical joke in German strips; Americans traditionally like to laugh at themselves, hence the success of the story strips which poke fun at common foibles. Smith knows that his most successful strips are those which will give ten million wives an opportunity to show the comic to their husbands and say "There *you* are!", or to avail ten million husbands of a similar pleasure. Thus he made "Oh, Min!" a national byword. *The Gumps* are the most typically American of all the comic strips, which probably accounts for the fact that they are not considered funny or interesting outside the United States.

The first Gump strips mentioned that Andy and Min had an elder son in the Navy and an elder daughter away at school in an academy, as well as little Chester. Although Smith has never brought them into the strip during the last eighteen years, readers still write and ask when they are coming home. Smith did give the Gumps another child, Goliath, more recently, only to let the character drop. Goliath was born as Smith's spiteful protest to Captain Patterson's insistence that Frank O. King give Skeezix a little brother. Goliath, therefore, was born into the Gump household one morning without previous warning to the somewhat startled readers, and disappeared as quickly. When Smith wanted to get rid of little Mary Gold, the sweetheart of Tom Carr, Captain Patterson suggested that he permit her to sicken and die, something that had never been permitted before in a "comic" strip. The Captain did not fully foresee the consequences of his suggestion, for when Mary died thousands of readers called their newspapers in tears, subscription cancellations alarmed editors, wreaths of flowers were sent in by admirers, and the Cincinnati *Times-Star's* owners threw *The Gumps* out of their paper and cancelled their contract with the syndicate.

Smith probably attained the peak of interest for his strip during the episodes which nearly led Uncle Bim and the Widow Zander to the altar, and later resulted in the widow's breach of promise suit. Newsboys folded their papers to *The Gumps* and shouted such headlines as "Uncle Bim—No Marriage"; some editors put the strip on the front page with a streamer; and the Minneapolis Board of Trade suspended operations long enough to read the strip. Smith proudly claims that he has drawn every head of Andy and Min in his strip, has permitted assistants such as Harold Lincoln Gray and Stanley Link only to letter the "balloons," fill in backgrounds, or ink his pencil sketches. Link, who draws the *Tiny Tim* comic for the Sunday color sections, is now Smith's assistant. Most of the major artists employ such aides, although the amount of work they do depends upon the creator's conscientiousness. Because Smith's success came at a time when contract guarantees were high, his income from the strip tops that of Gray, although their royalties are about on a par. His present contract runs until 1937.

HARRY CONWAY FISHER

(*Mutt and Jeff*). Creator of the oldest comic strip still running, the first strip ever published daily, and practically the only artist to remain loyal (with profit) to his original character. Because he was shrewd enough to copyright his early strips in his own name,

Fisher became the first of the comic artists to burst the tightened purse strings of American publishers and inaugurate the Big Money era of the comics. A Chicagoan who once ran on the Hyde Park high school team with the late Walter Eckersall and spent three months in the University of Chicago before being dismissed, Fisher applied for a job as an artist on the San Francisco *Examiner*, but was turned down for lack of experience. He got a $15 a week job on the *Chronicle* by showing, as his own work, some art layouts which he had the foresight to pick up at the *Examiner*. Two years before the first Mutt strip appeared, John P. Young, managing editor of *Chronicle*, turned down Fisher's suggestion for a sport page strip "because it would take up too much room and readers are used to reading down the page and not horizontally." That was in the days when editors flattered themselves into believing that they were *news*papermen and that the public wanted *news!* Fisher caught De Young off guard one day and showed him a strip. "What's that?" he asked. "That's me," Fisher replied. "A. Mutt." The editor thought it was kind of funny (although readers wouldn't think so today), and agreed to publish it. Thus the first *Mutt* strip appeared November 15, 1907.

Mutt did resemble Fisher, although he now insists that Mutt was a composite of race track characters. Fisher picked a horse every day and had Mutt bet on him; the names were picked for gags, but oddly enough the horses won every day for weeks and readers thought Fisher a race authority; newsboys were soon shouting "Mutt's Selections." At the end of a month, Hearst's *Examiner* offered Fisher $45 a week, twice his *Chronicle* salary. It was then that Fisher had the foresight to see a lawyer; and to get his last three strips on the *Chronicle*, inscribe "Copyright H. C. Fisher" into the corner of each, and send them to Washington for record.

Mutt and Jeff began appearing in all parts of the country after Hearst brought Fisher to New York in 1909. Jeff's place in the strip was dictated by readers. He was one of seventeen characters introduced into the strip when Mutt was sent to an insane asylum. Jeff claimed that he was "the greatest little man alive," that he was James J. Jeffries, then heavyweight champion of the world. Reader sympathy, always with the little guy,

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switched to Jeff, although Fisher says he likes Mutt best personally. The New York *World* soon approached Fisher, but his contract with Hearst couldn't be broken. The break came when his Hearst contract ran out in 1915 and John N. Wheeler offered Fisher a guarantee of $1,000 a week plus a percentage arrangement which would bring the total to about $1,500 weekly. Hearst prepared to carry on *Mutt and Jeff* without Fisher, hired an artist to imitate his work. Fisher and Wheeler obtained a court order restraining Hearst from publishing the imitations. When the dust from the bitter ensuing court battles cleared away, Fisher had full title to his strip and his characters with a personal copyright dating back to his last days on the Chronicle. Fisher's strip has retained its place among the comics remarkably well for more than a quarter century, although the later technique of *The Gumps* and *Little Orphan Annie* has won far more popular favor.

In his early San Francisco days, Fisher frequently boasted that he was going to have the most popular strip in the world and make a million dollars out of it. His fellow workers enjoyed a loud laugh at such boasts until Fisher did have the most popular strip and did make a good deal more than $1,000,000 out of it. Fisher spends much time on the Continent, winters in Florida when in America, indulges his interest in horse racing by maintaining a racing stable, invariably takes in the World Series and all major prize fights. His best horse was *Nellie Morse* (named for his mother), and her greatest race ($58,305 Preakness) was won without Fisher even knowing she was entered. The news was broken to him aboard an Atlantic liner headed for Europe. Fisher and the Countess Adeita de Beaumont were married in 1924 aboard the *Leviathan* by Captain Hartley. They were legally separated in 1927. Fisher had previously married Pauline Welch, a vaudeville actress, from whom he was later divorced. In recent years, Fisher has employed gag men to keep the strip going and artists to do most, if not all, of the drawing. His many interests in Europe and America keep him so busily occupied that a recent inquiry at the Bell Syndicate brought a reply from the man who handles the *Mutt and Jeff* strips that he believed Fisher was in Florida this winter, but he wasn't quite sure. He hadn't heard from him recently. He might be in Europe.

ELZIE CRISLER SEGAR (*Thimble Theatre Starring Popeye*). A house painter, sign painter, paper hanger, trap drummer, photographer, window dresser and motion picture operator in his native Chester, Ill., Segar heard that cartoonists made big money and decided to be one. His first drawing, sent to a St. Louis paper, was promptly rejected. After an 18 months' correspondence course in cartooning which cost him $20, the originator of *Buster Brown* (Richard F. Outcault) got Segar a job on the Chicago *Herald* drawing *Charlie Chaplin's Comic Capers*. His father and mother read the strip avidly; when he got married, he added another follower. The *Herald's* demise left him without a job. The Chicago *American* employed him in 1917 to draw *Looping the Loop,* and his work improved with the advice and encouragement of a kindly managing editor who finally recommended him for a national syndicate post with King Features in 1919. Thus *Thimble Theatre* was born, with Olive Oyl and Ham Gravy as the first two members of its cast, but it languished for years with plenty of gags, satire, comedy and nonsense, but no following.

Segar's star first started to rise three years ago when he introduced, more by accident than careful planning, a scrawny, bow-legged sailor with a jutting jaw and forearms like hams, who soon claimed to be the greatest fighter and strongest man in the world. The spinach-eating Popeye, the Sailor, was thus endowed with qualities which quickly caught the fancy of the comic-reading millions. Today the *Thimble Theatre Starring Popeye* threatens to eclipse oldtimers in the comic world, already appears in more American papers (over 500) than any other comic. The addition to the cast of characters of J. Wellington Wimpy, a blond, rotund figure with an obsession for hamburgers, has helped to build the reader audience in recent months. Popeye's quick rise to fame may prove a bulwark against the onslaught of the "tragics." His creator, who long ago dropped his fancy given names for the simple signature "SEGAR," lives in a big house in Santa Monica, Cal. He works hard, plays billiards or goes deep sea fishing for recreation. He wears a jaunty yachting cap on his fishing expeditions, smokes a well-broken pipe. Most of his photographs have been taken with finny monsters of the Pacific, purchased from local fishmongers.

HAMMOND EDWARD FISHER (*Joe Palooka*). There was no doubt in Fisher's mind that he had created the "world's greatest comic strip" when he first conceived the good natured, but dumb, prizefight character in 1920. But it took him ten years to convince any syndicate editor that it was worth distributing. His savings from newspaper reporting jobs in his native Wilkes-Barre, Pa., went into numerous pilgrimages to New York to get a hearing with the syndicates for *Joe Palooka.* He even got a job on Captain Patterson's New York *Daily News* with the sole hope of selling Palooka, but the Captain, along with other syndicate chiefs, turned it down cold. Fisher got in to see President Charles V. McAdam of the McNaught Syndicate in the golden spring of 1929, but McAdam was not impressed. He had just decided to syndicate *Dixie Dugan,* a new strip based on the movie and play *Show Girl* by J. P. McEvoy and his Notre Dame college chum artist, John H. Streibel. Fisher begged for a chance to sell *Dixie Dugan* and his own strip to editors, was started out at first without salary. Within a month he had twenty papers signed up for his own strip and twice that number for *Dixie Dugan*; he proved himself the demon salesman. At the end of a year he started his beloved Palooka. Today it is the No. 1 strip in the McNaught output, appears in more than 300 publications, and is one of the most successful of all comics introduced during the Depression. Salesman-Artist Fisher also succeeded in getting Palooka on the radio and into the movies. *Dixie Dugan* ranks third at McNaught to Harry J. Tuthill's *Bungle Family,* a strip started nearly two decades ago by the one-time medicine man banjoist. The McEvoy-Streibel *Dixie Dugan* is the best drawn of the "pretty girl" strips, rivaling such established features as Martin Michael Branner's *Winnie Winkle* (who never wears the same dress twice), Russ Westover's *Tillie the Toiler,* and the newer Donald Lloyd Flowers *Oh! Diana* and Chic Young's *Blondie.* Fisher's drawing of *Joe Palooka,* which was quite bad when the strip first appeared, has improved remarkably within the last year, leading to the rumor that affluent Salesman-Artist Fisher has hired an artist as an assistant.

This is the first of a two-part series on "Men of Comics." The second will appear in an early issue.

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In Search of a Plan

by Cedric Fowler

"4 billion 8" and other fiscal measures for caring for those who cannot find a living within the narrowing confines of our economic world intensify the search for a national plan for American welfare.

THE SOCIAL WORKERS of America are looking for a plan. They want their efforts and the efforts of government to better living and working conditions in this country put on an established, long term national basis.

The present system, they believe, is anarchy. Sporadic outbursts of philanthropic feeling on the part of individuals and the state, alternating with periods of indifference, will no longer care for social needs. Relief and the promotion of social security are tasks as serious as recovery. If recovery does not come soon, they will become vastly more important. They should no longer be left, social workers believe, to the formless, happy-go-lucky methods that have characterized the American way of social thought up to now.

This desire on the part of social workers to subject themselves to a national plan should not astonish us too much. Its only real surprise is in coming so late, for it was not until recent months that the social experts as a group have begun to express the idea. They are not deliberately sacrificing themselves to regimentation, or choosing to be co-ordinated from a perverse taste for self-inflicted pain. They have come to the conclusion that as the economic crisis is a national one, requiring national remedies, so is the crisis in relief and social reconstruction.

Public welfare has become a gigantic corporate enterprise. It cannot continue to run effectively without discipline and organization, without a central headquarters to give it form and order where almost none have existed before. Nor is the idea wholly new. It has been maturing for some time in the minds of leading social workers. They began to see the need for relief of national scope when the economic crash of 1930 first threw great numbers of people on the charity rolls. But for many weary months they had to contend with the belief that the comfortable days when social welfare could be left entirely to local resources had not really gone.

Political leaders with an eye to taxpaying voters were especially difficult to convince; it seemed so much easier to leave the problem in the laps of individual communities, to deal with as they were able and as they saw fit. Citizens who still had jobs, who owned taxable property and who regarded themselves as the nation's bill-payers, were also difficult to convince in the early years of the Depression. Since these groups are usually the most articulate members of society, their protests were effective, and until 1933, the United States, in the midst of the deepest economic crisis of its history, still refused to put a national effort into the task of meeting social welfare needs.

But the very force of that crisis, gathering strength in the months of panic centering around the election campaign of 1932, broke this comfortable illusion. The voices, in Congress and outside,

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that had cried for a country-wide program, seemed justified; and the new Administration embarked on national relief as almost the first of its ventures toward recovery. In a brilliant rush of action billions of dollars were appropriated, an immediate program of breath-taking scope was outlined, and a federal department, wholly new in our history, was created for the sole purpose of relieving economic and social distress. And the nation responded with cries of satisfaction—even those people who had been most insistent on keeping relief strictly local.

The social workers were of course the most pleased of all. In the first place, it meant that

sums of money on a scale previously reserved for wars, debt reduction and the rescue of bankrupt railroads, were to be turned into their field. Their previous task had been as much a struggle with inadequate funds as with the actual work of helping the distressed. Now they would be unhampered by any thought of expense—with an inexhaustible federal bankroll to draw upon. They felt that nothing stood in the way of their most humane ambitions.

For another thing, the creation of a federal relief agency raised the profession of social welfare to new dignity. Previously, social workers, try as they might to dispel the notion, suffered from the common belief that they were nothing much better than dispensers of charity, experts in handing out baskets, blankets, soap and pious advice. Christmas and Thanksgiving were good times to think about them; for the rest of the year the citizens seemed determined not to give social workers a thought. FERA changed this naive concept. Relief became a national concern of the first order. It filled newspapers and political conversation everywhere.

For the first few months the social workers were almost swept away with the wonder of it all. Many of them—certainly the majority of the rank and file—were too busy, and too fascinated, with the multitude of schemes put into action to take time for summing up. The creation of CWA in the early months of the new regime seemed a stroke bold enough to render cautious thought no longer necessary. If the government, as CWA indicated, was going into the business of giving jobs to four million unemployed—real jobs at real wages—there was no end to what it might do. And though a few government spokesmen explained that CWA was temporary, no one paid much attention to them at the time.

Surviving conservatives and social workers alike were sure the nation had committed itself to a permanent policy, the conservatives from fear of the worst, the social workers for hope of the best. To the social workers CWA had all the promise of an intelligent, sensitively administered relief program, for the unemployed workers would receive according to the promises made, jobs they were fitted to do. Laborers were to be hired for laborers' work, artists for art, teachers for teaching—even poets were to be paid for writing poetry. They were not simply lumped together as a mass of indigents without character or individual difference.

But the dream of work and wages for all did not endure. In spite of the New Deal's handsome pledges, the program ended all too quickly. CWA, after a few weeks of exhilarating life, came to an end. Careful examination showed that even in its brightest moments it had not fulfilled its promises. The wages paid were found not to be quite as genuine as supposed. Nor was the work done always as real as promised.

In fact, a great deal of silliness and futility was uncovered in the carrying out of the program. This was particularly discouraging to social workers, who count the nature of relief as a most important part of any rehabilitating program. Further, there was the nasty head of politics rearing more or less as of old in the background. Social workers were disappointed; what is more, many of them felt they had been taken in by White House promises whose intentions had not been pure.

When the American Association of Social Workers met in convention at Washington in February, 1934, the beginning of the end of CWA was in sight. The federal government was already discharging thousands of men from relief jobs per week. Evidently nothing more was in sight for them; after a month or two of work they were being turned back into the destitute world from which they had come. The optimistic government belief that they would return to private industry was not borne out by the facts. Almost anyone could see that industry was by no means ready for them.

The social workers' convention, realizing the seriousness of the situation—at this time, it should be remembered, nothing had been said about a federal system of unemployment insurance—accordingly devoted most of its time to a discussion of "Government Objectives for Social Work." The argument was lengthy, and the mood of the delegates serious. At the end of several days they had arrived at certain basic theses, which, put in the form of a tentative plan for public welfare organizations in the United States, mark the first statement by social workers as a group, on the need for a national program financed, directed and integrated by the federal government.

As preamble to the recommendations was a statement of the national scope of social need. Viewing the efforts of the national government in its first few months of relief work, the delegates found that "This emergency has made us keenly aware of the fact that the sources of aid must be as wide as the sources of misery, and that government is accordingly the only effective instrument for the

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social use of national wealth." This in itself was not extraordinary, though it did show a view of the social and economic crisis that the profession had not officially expressed before. The government had made the admission by implication in its first moves toward federal relief.

More to the point, the Convention went on to consider the actual steps that would be required to put this broad view of social welfare into practice. It called first for a federal assumption of financial responsibility and control, "a national budget integrating local, state and federal resources for public welfare through a unified plan of national taxation." The control was to be exercised through the principle of grants-in-aid, whereby the federal government could use its powers for the "coördination of the various governmental services, national, state and local, into a single national program for administrative purposes." Having in mind the ancient blight of politics, particularly in local government organizations, the Convention came out firmly for "the administration of a national program of public welfare, coördinated with local and state units operating under a national civil service, assuring adequate standards of personnel and personnel practices."

The social workers were on somewhat more familiar ground when they undertook a criticism of the present Poor Laws which most states and counties of the Union use for public welfare. For many years they have been condemning them as obsolete, inhumane and inefficient. It must be admitted that the criticism is for the most part just—the majority of our state Poor Laws are as inferior as social workers describe them to be. They are especially weak in the eastern and southern parts of the country, where settlement was earlier and laws consequently modelled on the more ancient English lines.

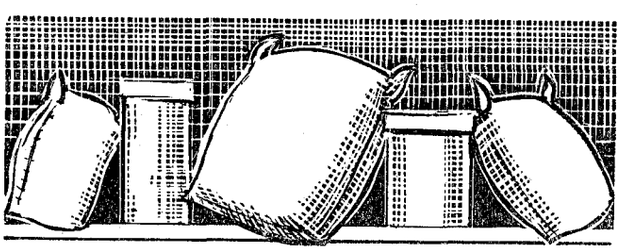
These Poor Laws, which still control the greater part of relief, all stem back to the one ancestor, Queen Elizabeth's Poor Law of 1601. The three main principles, as then enunciated, were local responsibility, legal settlement, and family responsibility. Since much of the social workers' thoughts of planning center on a change in these laws, it will be profitable to examine their meaning.

Local responsibility, until the present economic crisis, has been one of the main parts of American social tradition. It is a principle handed down from a time when the local unit was not only more all-pervading than it is now, but also when it possessed the greater financial power. Neither of these conditions holds good today. Not only has local authority become less powerful, both legally and financially, but it has also become much less efficient than it was in an earlier time. It has ceased, too, to attract the better class of civil service personnel—most persons ambitious to serve the public weal today go to Washington, rather than confine their zeal to the old home town.

From this principle of local responsibility comes the second Poor Law maxim—the principle of legal settlement. Obviously, if local governments are held responsible for relief within their own borders, raising and administering their own funds, they have no desire to spend them on strangers. The authorities can hope, in good times, to collect something by way of return in taxes from their own people. Outsiders pay no taxes, and therefore, according to this principle, are not entitled to relief. The fact that their need may be quite as desperate as that of the oldest community citizen does not count in their favor—nor the fact that they may have come to the community in all good faith, hoping to secure work.

Third in the bases of the Poor Law system is the theory of family responsibility, the belief that no individual is deserving of assistance unless he can prove the complete destitution not only of himself but also of all his relatives. Strict application of this principle in the past has led not only to denial of relief, but to much social bitterness as well. Local authorities are usually possessed of the power to sue or arrest members of a family refusing to support one another in need. In many cases of prosecution of this kind, they have spent enough money in litigation to keep several indigents comfortably supplied with the necessaries of life over a long period.

There are moral factors, too, that irk social workers in the local relief system as at present constituted. The workers object strongly to the terminology of the laws themselves, the words Poor Law, or Pauper Law, being found offensive. Have we, they ask, the right to call anyone a pauper, simply because he happens to be unemployed and at the end of his resources, through a Depression which is no fault of his? The proposal occasionally put forward by over-righteous Chambers of Commerce that recipients of relief be disfranchised is another source of indignation. Frequently enough the pressure of the unemployed vote helps persuade legislators or city fathers to grant increased relief. With this pressure removed, social



workers believe it would be difficult to secure sufficient grants from them—and it is almost an article of faith with social workers that relief is never quite enough.

Social workers therefore were dismayed when at the end of CWA, the New Deal fell back on the assertion that local authorities would have to take up the greater burden of relief again. It was an added argument in their plea for a permanent federal department of public welfare. If the situation were to continue to be regarded as an emergency, then the constant risk of a return to ineffective and obsolete local systems would tend to nullify whatever national effort might be made.

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Social workers felt that neither plan nor efficiency could be maintained in a federal program of such sporadic character.

In June of 1934, however, an encouraging note was heard from the White House, in the President's unexpected message to Congress on social security. The message, couched in forthright terms, seemed to imply a recognition of many of the principles social workers had taken up in their discussions of the relief crisis. Mr. Roosevelt began his remarks with the statement, "Among our objectives I place the security of the men, women and children of the nation first." This security, he explained, demanded three factors assured to all three groups, " . . . decent homes to live in . . . where they can engage in productive work; and . . . some safeguard against misfortunes which cannot be wholly eliminated in this man-made world of ours."

The President recognized the social and psychological evils of insecurity in stating further: "Fear and worry based on unknown dangers contribute to social unrest and economic demoralization. If, as our Constitution tells us, our federal government was established, among other things 'to promote the general welfare,' it is our plain duty to provide for that security upon which welfare depends. . . . " This security Mr. Roosevelt proposed to achieve through social insurance, and promised that Congress at the following session, would undertake at once to provide "security against several of the great disturbing factors in life—especially those which relate to unemployment and old age."

This announcement reawakened hope. It seemed to set a seal of government agreement on the thought that social workers had been struggling to register—the view of the crisis as something more than an emergency. In the month following the President's message, they met again in convention, this time under the auspices of the Great Lakes Institute, a body which assembled annually to discuss professional problems. This meeting concerned itself wholly with the topic, "Social Objectives." The keynote was given in a statement made early in the course of the meeting—"every resource in the social work field should be directed toward placing temporary and emergency measures for relieving distress, on a secure foundation as a part of the basic federal, state and local government machinery."

Proceeding from this, the conference went on to list the forms of governmental organization thought most desirable. First, a new federal department—to be called "Federal Department of Public Welfare," or something of that nature—would be set up. Its primary function would be one of "standard setting" for state and local departments of a similar nature, that is, the smaller organizations would follow its lead in setting out a permanent program of welfare to be followed throughout the country. A central bureau for statistical and other research would be a necessary adjunct. A permanent chief executive, selected on the merit system, would be put in charge. A board appointed by the President would co-operate with him—this last perhaps a gesture by the social workers to the inescapable facts of political life.

So far the social workers gathered at the Great Lakes Institute meeting were on fairly familiar grounds, since the broad recommendations had been made at the previous conference. This July meeting, however, was distinguished by the fact that it went into considerable detail. Not only did it condemn outmoded Poor Law systems in the states and counties, but demanded step-by-step reformation and even abolition of settlement laws, the end of restrictive pauper legislation, and the general humanization of relief legislation.

Pointing out that many states possessed scores, even hundreds, of separate authorities all charged with similar tasks (Pennsylvania, with 372, was used as a horrible example), the social workers recommended state consolidation into one central body, which like the main federal department, would be in a position to guide relief activities in the various counties and municipalities. Here again the merit system would apply to the chief executive, who with his advisory board, would have power to review all local appointments.

For local responsibility in the planned administration of relief, the social workers recommended a strict application of the merit system in selecting all personnel. Combination of local authorities on the basis of population and presumed community wealth, was also urged. In the present local relief set-up, many poorer and more distressed districts suffer from the fact that they are separated by township or county lines from neighbors quite able to help them. This condition has been especially marked in rural areas, where one district may be almost wholly destitute while a neighboring urban area will show a comparative prosperity.

This, so far, is the sum of the social workers' deliberations toward a national public welfare plan. They have not gone into financing in detail, feeling that field is better left to persons more gifted in the accounting field. They have not yet proposed the precise legislative methods by which the plan shall be carried out. But they have come to the conclusion that a plan is needed, that some effort toward a unified and integrated social welfare program must be made.

Whether a plan of such a broad nature will be carried through or not rests on the knees of the gods. If prosperity returns, there will be a very natural tendency to forget the crisis that once existed. The country will be only too glad to slough away the dismal memory of the struggle with relief and all its problems. But many gains in the nation's attitude to public welfare have been made. A few years ago only the most visionary dared to mention social insurance on a national scale. According to the latest New Deal promise, we are to have it as soon as a satisfactory plan can be found. If this is carried through, it will obviously require the setting up of new federal agencies to guide and control its administration.

Perhaps in those agencies of social insurance the germ of a national public welfare plan will be found.

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Mystery of Popular Reading

by Robert Cantwell

For years publishers have been studying the literary tastes of the bookstores' cash customers, neglecting the interests of those who borrow at the public libraries. A study of the effects of the Depression upon this host of "free readers" has now begun, indicating some astonishing results.

UNTIL A FEW YEARS AGO it had scarcely occurred to anyone—not to the librarians, publishers or critics who delivered authoritative judgments on American culture—that there existed at the heart of our cultural life a deep and obscure problem: the problem of what actually constitutes popular American literature.

No one could say definitely what books or authors were most widely read, despite the best seller lists and the statistics of the Census of Manufactures. No one could say definitely what types of book were most popular, or even locate the general level at which, to be widely read, books should be pitched. It was granted by most observers that the general level of American life was relatively low, that serious contemporary works and the standard classics found few readers, and that discussion of them was limited to academic circles and to the few groups of professional highbrows whose pretensions were a sort of national standing joke.

But there were few facts on hand to support these convictions. There was the large sale of the books of Edgar Rice Burroughs and Zane Grey, and the great popularity of the poems of Eddie Guest and of others whose works could hardly be called literature, to point to one conclusion. Balancing them, however, there was the great and constantly increasing use of the public libraries. But who used the libraries? And what sort of books, in general, did the library users prefer? Strangely enough, these questions could not be answered except in a vague and general way. In fact, investigation into them, barely beginning, has already yielded some astonishing results—results which may sharply modify current opinions on the state of contemporary American standards of taste when they become more generally known. For they suggest that in concentrating on the sale of current books, publishers, book reviewers, literary columnists and even the librarians themselves have merely studied the exposed section of the cultural iceberg, unconscious of the great expanse of good reading beneath the surface.

They Borrow the Good Books

WHILE a small part of the total population was reading and buying the current best sellers, a very large section of the population, patronizing the libraries, was reading—no one knows what, exactly, except in the cases where the first tentative investigations have been made. And they seem to suggest that large masses of the people are reading some very good books.

In 1929, book borrowings from the public libraries amounted to 336 million volumes. The total new-book production of that year, including

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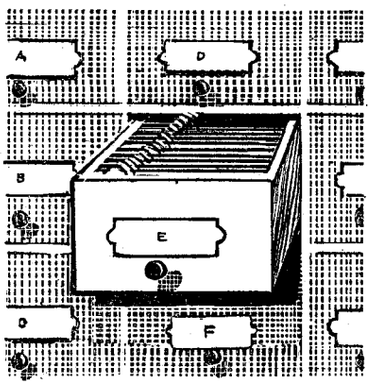
textbooks, children's books, law books, doctor books and Bibles, totaled only 235 million, of which 80 million were textbooks for school use and perhaps another 50 million non-commercial volumes of all kinds, called books merely for the purpose of keeping the printing records straight. Moreover, there are still, in many publishers' warehouses, large numbers of those unsold, unread, unremaindered editions that were rushed through the presses at the end of the boom years.

By 1933 the annual production of new books—including directories that year!—had fallen to 120 million volumes, of which almost half were textbooks. But the borrowings from the libraries had increased spectacularly to 400 million volumes a year, and the use of the libraries increased forty per cent, an increase which mounted steadily in the face of diminishing stocks, reduced expenditures and drastically curtailed services. One other comparison indicates the dominance of the libraries as an index to popular taste. The borrowing of works of fiction alone amounted to about two hundred and fifty million in 1934, while all new novels printed, of all degrees of merit, totaled only eleven million volumes. The investigations into what constitutes popular American reading have, in fact, grown out of the tremendously increased use of the libraries during the Depression. There have been three distinct types of study, and though the findings have not yet been correlated, they are suggestive and illuminating, scattered thermometers dropped into the sea of popular reading to test the temperature at the lower depths. They are also occasionally funny, since an attempt to chart anything so wayward and unpredictable as the momentary impulses that lead readers to choose one book rather than another, involves a sort of literary detective work whose technique has not yet been worked out and whose aims are still a little vague.



Reading by Hunches

VERY often, that is, people just do not know why they wanted to read a certain book, or they selected it aimlessly from the shelves; and it makes them uneasy to think that by doing so they have become part of a cultural trend, proving they know not what obscure thesis. It also makes them uncomfortable to reflect that just as they are deciding to take home a serious historical novel instead of some detective story, the minds of thousands of other readers, similarly reacting to mysterious impulses set up by events, are reaching the same decision.

Some of the investigations have been made by observant librarians who have kept careful records of the regular or casual library users—their social backgrounds, education and general type of reading preferred. Another has grown out of the readers' adviser service, which, preparing lists of books for new users of the library, has collected what amount to cultural case histories.

Detective Work

THE readers' adviser service in New York has assembled fifteen hundred such records, which include accounts of the individual's past reading, of his magazine and newspaper preferences, of the type of reading he desires, and the actual use he makes of the library over a period of months. In St. Louis, for instance, a study has been made, not of representative book borrowers, but of the readers of specific books and authors—Twain, Hardy, Shaw, William James, Sandburg and the Greek Classics—in order to discover the age, sex, occupation and reading habits of the readers. The most exhaustive type of inquiry, the study of the reading habits of whole communities, has been made in Hinsdale, a suburb of Chicago, and in the Seward Park district of New York's lower East Side, placing library reading in relation to the total reading of the whole area. Aside from these and a few similar studies the character of the four hundred million books annually borrowed from the libraries is unknown, and the preferences of the great mass of American readers remain a dark mystery.

The reasons for this are readily apparent. Library records deal with books and not with the people who read them. An increase in the reading of certain authors, or of certain subjects, can easily be determined, but it is impossible to say what group, what class, employed or unemployed, educated or uneducated, is responsible. The number of the reader's card is stamped in each volume he borrows, but about the only way an investigator can find out whether the borrower is employed or unemployed, a banker or a plumber, is by looking up his address and calling on him personally. The investigator, if he has more patience than anyone has so far shown, can look through the files until he locates the borrower's original application for a library card, which lists the occupation but does not necessarily say whether or not the borrower is employed, and which may have been made out years before.

Prior to 1930, librarians were generally intent on having new libraries established, and old libraries used to capacity, rather than in discovering exactly what use was made of them. It was assumed to be sufficient that good books were made available for those who wanted to read. Librarians in their conventions and publications, discussed methods of extending the system, of reaching the seventy-five per cent of the population that does not read books. For years they fretted about the eighty-three per cent of the rural population that had no library service at all. They wondered what

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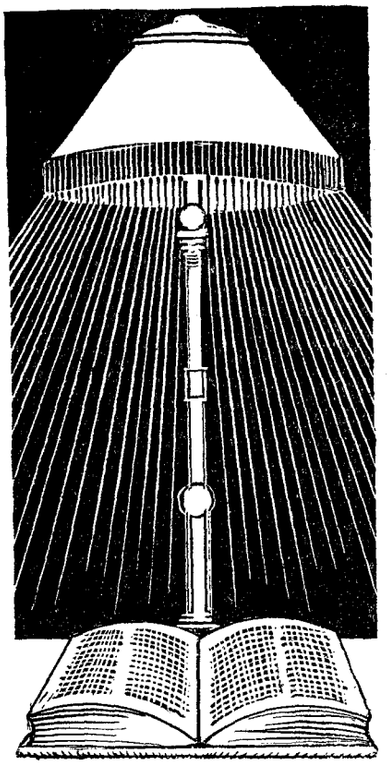
could be done about the 1,135 library-less counties in the country, and looked askance at the four dismal and anonymous cities of more than twenty-five thousand population that had never had free libraries or anything corresponding with them.

Depression Stock-Taking

After 1930, however, all attempts to expand were stopped, as librarians faced the problems of maintaining the libraries that exist and at the same time coping with the new readers who appeared in unprecedented numbers just at the moment when it became difficult to supply them with books. Inevitably the question of who used the libraries, and of what books were most widely read, became dominant—whereupon it was discovered that there existed no convenient method for classifying library readers, or of determining their reading habits from the records. Hence the attempt to solve the mystery of popular American reading. What authors ranked first in the 12,400,000 books that were taken out of the New York Public Library in 1933? The 13,500,000 borrowed in Los Angeles, the 13,000,000 in Chicago, the 7,000,000 in Brooklyn? Opinions there are in profusion—good, interesting opinions, backed by years of experience and observation and ably defended—but few facts and figures. The 12,400,000 "home circulation" in New York, for instance, was drawn from 1,400,000 books in the circulation departments. Librarians estimate that the greater part of those withdrawn came from only twenty-five per cent of the books available for withdrawal. What authors figured most frequently in that twenty-five per cent? A dozen librarians, chosen at random, gave opinions which boiled down to the following list of the ten named most frequently: Mark Twain, Stevenson, Dickens, Tolstoy, Shaw, Wells, Dostoievsky, Scott, Maugham, Dreiser, a very significant group.



Hardly light reading, by any definition of the term. The lists of course varied enormously. The other names most frequently mentioned were Conan Doyle, Willa Cather, Hardy, Balzac, Hugo, Galsworthy, Sinclair Lewis, Pearl Buck, Eugene O'Neill, Conrad, Mary Roberts Rinehart—debate about the relative popularity of these could go on endlessly. Moreover, they suggest another problem: would these writers retain their rank if more copies of newer books, more detective stories and western and love stories, were on the shelves?

Perhaps not; but at the same time it should be pointed out that the saturation point for standard works has never been reached. If more copies of the work of Mark Twain are placed on the shelves, they too are quickly withdrawn, and the same is true of most of the authors named. In Detroit, where the library has an exceptionally large collection of modern verse, there has never been enough modern verse on hand to satisfy the demand!

In one respect the cultural case histories built up by the readers' adviser service are most timely, for in effect they give a clear cross-section of the habits and tastes and cultural desires of the millions of new readers who, in the past five years, have drifted toward the libraries in their search for enlightenment and support. These case histories make sad and yet stirring reading, for it is impossible not to sense, behind the expressed reasons that individual readers give for their sudden interests in books, the bewilderment and shock of people whose whole scheme of life has been abruptly frustrated, and who find themselves facing problems they never anticipated and which they cannot even express. Forty-six per cent of these applicants are unemployed, suggesting that the unemployed are principally responsible for the increased use of the libraries since 1930. Some of their requests—for guidance toward the books whose existence they sense—are extraordinary, revealing again the extreme specialization of American technical education. Some of the engineers, for example, thoroughly schooled and once well paid in their own profession, have read literally nothing except the newspapers and the books in their own fields. One of the most frequent requests is for books of *words*—magic books that will somehow give the reader the words to express the unfamiliar emotions and speculations that his recent experiences have bred. This request is as common among the unemployed business and professional men who come to the libraries as it is among the factory and office workers. The laundry worker who explained simply, "I haven't the right words for the thoughts that go around in my head," expressed the dilemma of the engineer who explained that for years he had been absorbed in his work, and felt confused now as he realized how one-sided his life had been, and how little equipped he was to face a world changing so rapidly.

Purpose Patterns

Coming from all classes, though mostly from the lower economic groups, these people who in middle age or in their middle thirties are just beginning to read, reveal some strikingly similar patterns. They explain that they want to fill in the gaps in their educations, to be cultured, to be able

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to talk well, to acquire information in some special field, to find out what is happening and has happened in the world. "No statistics," the department bulletin observes, "will ever disclose the human needs behind these requests—the unhappiness, the lonesomeness, bewilderment, ambition and curiosity—all hidden behind the oft repeated request for systematic reading."

The average new reader takes out four books in a fever of enthusiasm, disappears for a few months, and then very often returns to use the library more or less regularly. About one in ten develops sustained and serious cultural interests. The important source of discouragement to the others—who have, as the advisers dryly remark, "a healthy dissatisfaction with conditions in life, as well as with conditions in libraries"—is simply the lack of good volumes introductory to the fields in which they are interested.

The available books are too complex and specialized for the people who are starting from scratch; and the enormous number of books to be read is in itself intimidating. Consequently, among these readers such books as Wells's *"Outline of History,"* Durant's *"Story of Philosophy"* and Macy's *"Story of the World's Literature,"* are extremely popular. If more such "bridge" volumes were available they would unquestionably be widely read.

Occasionally new readers are drawn to the libraries as a result of awakened curiosity following the reading of some specific book. *"The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"* is such a book. Mention of it occurs again and again; and it is evidently being widely read by people who have heretofore done little serious reading of any kind. In its persistent popularity, I think, is revealed a fundamental difference bgetween the taste of library users and that of the buyers of current books —a difference publishers might profitably explore.

One indirect reflection of the interest in Gibbon's history has been the large *library* circulation of Robert Graves's recent novel, *"I, Claudius,"* which deals with the period of Rome's decline in contemporary terms, and which has had a library reading far out of proportion to its sale. A comparison with Stark Young's *"So Red the Rose"* illustrates the difference. The two novels were published at about the same time; but as *"So Red the Rose"* immediately became a best seller, the New York library ordered a large number of copies of it, and only a few of *"I, Claudius."* In the course of a year, as the requests for the second book came in from the circulation departments and the branch libraries—a sure sign that a book is being recommended by word of mouth—almost the same number of copies of both books were purchased, although in the book-buying world the sales of the two could not be compared.

Seven Per Cent Heavy

By all accounts from those who should know, the reading of standard works constitutes one of the most important, perhaps the most important, item in New York Library use. Yet in Hinsdale, the Chicago suburb whose library was investigated so thoroughly that whoever merely glanced toward it was cross-examined about his reading habits, it was established that the reading of such writers as Dickens, Hardy, Tolstoy and other literary heavyweights amounted to only seven per cent of the total. Suburban housewives made up the majority of the readers, and their preference was unmistakable: Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Authors They Like

With two readings a day during the month of the microscopic investigation, she not merely left Kathleen Norris far behind but personally found more readers than all the volumes of poetry, or of ethics, or science, psychology, literature, or economics! If the proportions at Hinsdale remained constant throughout the country, Mrs. Rinehart could count on something like five million readers a year in the libraries alone. Behind her came Mrs. Norris, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Zane Grey and James Oliver Curwood in the order of popularity, before the literary standard rose sluggishly with John Galsworthy, now elevated to the librarians' category of "good modern."

But there is impressive evidence indicating that standards in Hinsdale, which now has the distinction of being the only American community culturally to be finger-printed and photographed, are typical of suburban communities rather than of the country as a whole. A short time ago the life of the great St. Louis library was arrested (also culturally) for a brief period and a check made of the books that were being passed out—a check of both the books and the borrowers. Of the two hundred and fourteen novels thus captured at their moment of flight into the unknown, twenty-one were standard classics, including writers of the stature of Poe, Hawthorne, Eliot, Hugo and Swift. Fifty-seven were modern novels of the level of Dreiser and Willa Cather, of Stephen Hudson and Sinclair Lewis, Thornton Wilder and Jack London. There were fifty adventure stories, thirty-nine mysteries, forty-one sentimental romances and six vaguely described as humorous. Western stories were being read by bus girls, painters, clerks, carpenters, cap makers, the wife of an attorney, four salesmen and others who were doubtless surprised to find their literary tastes the object of so much attention; the good, serious books were being taken home by readers drawn from the same social strata.

Experiments of this type merely suggest the probable divisions within the four hundred million books borrowed each year from the entire library system. The type of readers who borrowed books during the period studied in St. Louis, drawn almost entirely from the lower economic groups, certainly give a clear indication of the social strata from which the overwhelming majority of library users come. But until such studies as these have been coördinated and an effective technique of investigation developed, the true state of American reading must remain cloudy and obscure.

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The Economic War

Reported by Edward H. Collins

THE ECONOMIC WAR has recently seemed so likely to intensify into a contest, not of salesmanship and prices, but of arms, that it may smack of academic detachment to discuss purely the economic maneuvers engaged in by the leading nations today. Domestic pressure on some governments has become so heavy that they appear to have decided to acquire more territory, and hence markets, by the most direct means, eschewing the slower method of economic infiltration. Indeed, the currency and tariff barriers erected around the world since the First World War have become so impassable that, if a country would achieve a real expansion in its export trade, little choice is left except their forcible demolition.

Already the war plans of some countries are exerting an easily discernible influence on their economic actions. In adopting, a few weeks ago, the quota system on imports, Italy allotted to British goods a quota of 35 per cent of the old figure. This percentage was raised to 80, however, on British protest, for Italy is undertaking an Abyssinian expedition and for that British acquiescence is necessary. The German conscript army program will unquestionably have repercussions in the economic field, thus increasing the domestic pressure behind the Nazi leaders to resort to force of arms to expand the market for German goods.

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American Front

IN THE UNITED STATES, the effects of the marching and counter-marching abroad are not especially noticeable. High tariff advocates have lost the first round to the Administration in the reciprocal tariff policy advocated by Secretary Hull, but they are not through fighting. They laid plans to have introduced in the Senate on March 29, the day the Belgian treaty became effective, a resolution ordering the government to denounce the agreement. If the Senate has so resolved, the treaty will be abrogated six months from that date.

The hearings on the proposed trade agreement with Italy have brought the protectionists out in force. Among the protestants are the wine, lumber, food, fruit growers, lace, silk, rayon, felt and wool industries.

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Belgian Front

BELGIUM has been looking about, economically speaking, for a pair of arms to throw herself into. It would not be unfair, economically speaking, to say that she had been on the lookout for the highest bidder.

In this coquetry she has approached France in search of favors and threatened to forsake gold and attach the belga to sterling if she did not get what she wanted. She has talked the situation over with Britain, but there was not much offered from that quarter. As one banker said, the belga in the sterling group would be, indeed, a skunk at the garden party, since Belgium competes industrially with Britain.

Belgium is not, as most of the other sterling area countries are, a mere supplier of raw materials to Britain. Her plight is distressful enough to stir the hardest heart. Statistically, Belgium would appear to be in a tolerable position. The belga, even after the heavy losses of March, still has a gold cover of close on 65 per cent. The import balance in 1932 was 1,294,000,000 Belgian francs, but last year it was cut down to 323,000,000 francs. The price level, though, has gone through a severe deflation. From a level of 851 in 1929 Belgian wholesale prices have sunk to 472 (1914=100). Foreign trade is down to 58½ per cent of the 1931 figure.

Belgium had hopes of compelling France to agree to lower tariffs on Belgian goods as a price of continuing to adhere to gold, but all M. Flandin would offer was a loan. Thereat the Belgian Cabinet threw up its hands—as well it might—and resigned.

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Chinese Front

THE EAST AND WEST have met in the way China and Belgium have approached stronger powers in quest of financial and economic aid. Their tactics have been identical. On point of being assimilated by Japan, China has gone out, hat in hand, looking for a loan.

In this game of playing one power against another, China naturally did not go first to Japan. First approached was Britain, which consulted with the United States. What China was saying was that, unless a good sized loan was forthcoming, the Japanese would be called in, ending all pretense of the Open Door.

But Britain and the United States could see that China would have to be saved from the Japanese periodically, calling for a greater sum in loans than would ever be taken out of China in profits by the Open Door. H. H. Kung, Chinese Finance Minister, was frank to say that the great powers were thinking of making an international loan to China to improve their biggest market in the Far East.

Lately the United States has been doing perhaps more than Japan to slam shut the Open Door in China. The silver buying policy which this country is pushing forward has wreaked such havoc in the China trade, causing deflation, bank failures, tight money and a marked slump in foreign commerce as the silver currencies have risen, that the Open Door is not worth much to other foreign nations.

It will not be worth much so long as the silver buying continues.

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Japanese Front

JAPAN has had indubitable success in selling products abroad, but the doubts are mounting in Tokio as to whether this success is unmitigated good. The goods have been sold because Japanese merchants were able to make the prices right. Japan is able, though, to control only export prices. While phenomenal success has been achieved in beating down export prices, import prices have been something else again; the two sets of prices do not come down *pari passu*.

We find, therefore, that, while ex-

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ports gained 12.5 per cent in February, imports increased 44 per cent, leaving the unfavorable trade balance 320 per cent higher. Imports have risen that high only in part because the export industries had to be supplied with raw materials. They are high also because of the need of supplying the hungry war machine with equipment.

In this situation, the Japanese government has begun to apply stricter control to export groups, hoping thereby to tone down the competition between Japanese exporting interests. At times Japanese concerns, bidding against one another, have forced prices on exports down 50 per cent under the minimum price quoted by competitors from other nations. Backed by the low yen and peonage wages, Japanese companies have been able to make profits for themselves on this basis, but the Japanese economy has not benefited correspondingly.

Sales of this character have led to charges of dumping and some markets have been closed entirely to the low-bidding Japanese. Moreover, the foreign exchange realized from these sales is insufficient, when compared with price levels abroad, to pay for the imports required by Japanese manufacturers and munitions makers. Accordingly, the government will try to see that Japanese shippers quote prices low enough to get the business but not too low.

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Italian Front

MANY THINGS did Hitler learn from Mussolini's methods; and now Italy, in the foreign trade field, is returning the compliment. The system of balanced exchange or direct barter in foreign trade, of which Germany is the principal exponent, has now been added to the Italian armory of trade weapons.

The experience of Germany has left little recommendation to other countries to adopt the policy. Since February 16, Italy has applied rigid quotas to all imports, and has indicated that these quotas will be increased only to the extent that Italian exports to any particular nation are increased. As in the case of Germany, this policy is aimed chiefly at the United States, the country with which Italy has the largest adverse balance, the richest market in the world.

Germany has got precisely nowhere in its effort to persuade the United States, on pain of losing an export market, to take more German goods. Italy, it would appear, will meet a like fate. One month after Italy plunked for balanced exchange and direct barter, the United States rejected an offer from Italy to barter 100,000 bales of raw cotton for 60,000 bales of Italian silk.

The new Italian external trade policy, patterned after the regulations in effect in Germany, Yugoslavia, Turkey, Bulgaria, Hungary, Rumania and Uruguay, bodes no good for the negotiations with the United States for a reciprocal trade treaty. Without waiting to see how the new policy would work, however, Italy has suffered the lira to depreciate about 7 per cent.

Thus the lira is in fact, if not by official admission, revalued.

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Latin American Sector

INDUSTRIAL NATIONS, like the United States, Great Britain, Germany and Japan, which have counted heavily on the raw material producing South American countries as a market for their manufactured goods, would do well to ponder the trend of events in the Southern Hemisphere. Not only are they giving the United States keener competition all the time in agricultural exports, such as wheat, cotton and animal products; they are at the same time having their industrial revolution.

The U. S. Department of Commerce finds that the proportion of the Argentine's population engaged in industrial pursuits has increased from 38 to 43 per cent in the last two decades. Brazil's record is about the same. Argentina has now flatly refused to enter the international wheat agreement on the ground that the wheat it sells abroad helps to pay for imports of machinery.

The United States has a preferred position in the Brazilian market because this country takes nearly all of Brazil's chief crop, coffee; but the British are trying not to be left out of so potentially large a trade. In the last crop year Britain took 199,967 bales of Brazilian cotton, against 4,591 in the previous year; and the Rothschilds of London are extending a credit of £4,000,000 to Brazil, repayable in from seven to ten years.

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German Front

GERMANY is now taking a new tack in its economic maneuvering. For the last few years exports have been subsidized at the expense of German creditors abroad.

Transfers of sums owing to these creditors have been prevented, and German exporters have made use of the balances so accruing, necessarily quoted at a heavy discount under the free mark, and have bought in cheaply the German bonds abroad on which service was being denied. But now the supply of blocked marks in Germany is insufficient to do alone the job of subsidizing German exports. So Dr. Schacht, the economic dictator, is proposing to create equalization funds to be raised from all German industries to be applied to exports.

In this way, he believes, exporters can be subsidized sufficiently to allow them to compete with countries having depreciated currencies. More than that, he intends to break away as soon as he can from the clearing agreements with nearly all leading European countries which take some 400,000,000 marks a year out of the proceeds of German exports to provide service on German debt. He declares that there is now a domestic boom which has obliged every industry to export to keep it going.

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British Front

THE LONG EXPECTED, often predicted, fall in the British pound has lately taken place, but the results have not all been of the kind that the British bank chairmen foretold at their annual stockholders' meetings when they prophesied a decline in sterling. From a high for the year of $4.94 in early January, the pound dropped 22 cents.

The most recent slump in the pound, then, has had two noteworthy effects. While sterling was falling its hardest, the White House casually remarked that American prices were still not high enough. It was later made known that the President was not speaking of further devaluation; but the remark served the purpose of reminding the world that the gold content of the dollar could be reduced again. And the weakness of the pound did not find the gold block so passive this time. The steady decline in the pound caused such grave doubts over the ability and willingness of the gold remnant on the Continent to stay put, that the gold currencies soon began to outdo the pound in weakness.

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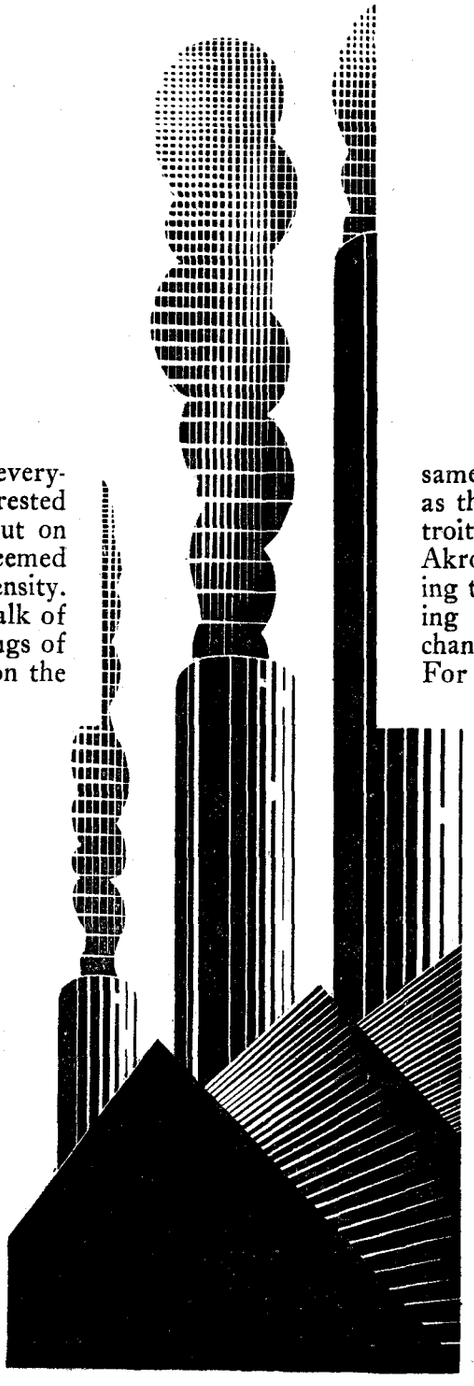
The Temper of the People

by George E. Sokolsky

This is the second article, in a new series of road reports by Mr. Sokolsky. It discusses conditions west of the Rockies.



IN THE MIDDLE WEST everyone was at the moment interested in the battle of the termites, but on the Pacific Coast the debate seemed to be a noise of diminishing intensity. In the Middle West men still talk of Washington politics, of the doings of the President and his friends; on the Pacific Coast all the excitement seems at the moment to be over Communism. I sometimes wonder whether the country isn't too large altogether, because out here on the Coast I seem to be so very far away from all the issues which seem to be so urgent in the rest of the country. California is politically more remote from Washington than I found London to be. Does everything stop at the Rocky Mountains? Are these frightened people here, who take the Townsend Plan seriously and roll up votes for Upton Sinclair and get hysterical over John Strachey and believe that a subversive agitator is under every bed, the same Americans that one sees in New York or New England? Are they the same? Are they of the same nation as the men I met at Kohler and Detroit and Flint and Lansing and Akron, who were hard-headedly seeking to solve important problems arising out of the Depression? The change in atmosphere is startling. For a month I had met business men and working men who were pulling together. In the automobile industry I had watched an election which is the first genuine experiment in democratizing the relations between capital and labor. I had been down to see a rubber factory where the vice-president in charge of industrial relations and the president of the company union were practical men who were trying to get the most out of the productivity of the factory. Those men were not afraid either of the present or of the future. They were facing both periods as involving problems that thoughtful and conscientious men could solve. Here I find hysterical fear. Here I find human beings of forty fearful lest they starve at

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fifty. Here I find human beings of fifty demanding to be put upon doles. Here there seems to be, in all this sunshine and the glory of vegetation and the gentleness of climate, a deadly hopelessness which weighs down upon me and makes me feel that what these people need is a good swift icy blast of New England weather to remind them that we are still a hardy people.

The Wave of Fear

To blame it all on a salubrious climate and cheap food is too easy. It is true that life is cheap anywhere in California compared with most other parts of the United States. Food is so inexpensive in the open markets of Los Angeles that if I were seeking for nothing better in life than food, this would be the place to live. But the middle class, retired Middle Western farmers, still manage to live on savings in spite of the Depression; and they appear to be just as looney in their religion and their economics as the panhandlers who make for California in preference to flop-houses. Is it too much sunshine that makes it possible for the Governor of this state, after he had been elected to avert Sinclair, to announce that he favored the Townsend plan? Or is it just that this state has become a refuge for the idlers and lazy people of the country, so that the substantial, constructive citizens of the state are literally being swamped by surplus population from every part of the country?

In San Francisco and Los Angeles I heard the same story about this wave of fear which influences every political question in California. This sensation of fear had been artificially stimulated after the general strike in San Francisco last summer and Fascistic individuals are utilizing the situation to strengthen themselves. That I had found also in Chicago, where racketeers are using the distress of a people five years in the Depression to label every suggestion for a solution as Communistic. In fact, in Chicago, I found that some of those who refer to others as Communists are themselves advocating Marxian doctrines without knowing it. The intellectual process at work in all this label-hurling is most astonishing, for men and women who attack the profit-motive most violently also attack the defenders of the profit-motive as Communists.

The madness of it all, it seems to me, lies in the fact that the profit-motive requires an intellectual defense and that the country is ready for a very definite swing to the Right. But these racketeers and crazy folk are keeping the pot so stirred up that it becomes increasingly difficult to discover exactly what it is that they want this country to do. A Freudian might find a solution; no student of politics or economics can.

I met a woman in Chicago, who, after I had presented so strictly a capitalistic point of view (in fact, so Adam Smithish that afterwards I wondered whether in my enthusiasm for capitalism I had not overstated my case), afterwards announced that I was speaking capitalism so that one might not discover that secretly I was a Communist. I was told in Los Angeles that a racketeering organization is putting spies on every block to search out Communists, which means that perfectly decent folk will be accused of subversive thoughts and conduct if they so much as suggest that it is necessary to analyze the causes of the Depression to find measures to avoid similar crises.

A living is to be made in all this, and some men are making excellent livings out of it; and the whole thing seems to be very dangerous, because it diverts the mind of the public from constructive measures to every harebrained scheme and plan and every phobia that twisted minds can conceive. The whole thing seems to be a contest between senility and cupidity for leadership.

It was, then, with great delight that I drove down to Palo Alto and called on Mr. Hoover. The last time I saw Mr. Hoover was in 1931. He was old and tired. Then I left him with the feeling that here was a man who was bearing a very heavy load and finding it unbearable. In Palo Alto I found a Herbert Hoover who was a surprise to me: a young man, alert in step, interesting, stimulating, forceful, friendly, a man who could tell a story and turn a sentence into a jest. It was a little difficult to realize that this gray, cold face of the Presidency had become a cheerful personality.

As I sat with Mr. Hoover, I remembered some of my old Chinese friends, who, after they had retired from office to their native village, or to a monastery on a hill, took on universal wisdom. It was like a man sitting on top of a mountain looking into the valley and understanding all that had happened in the valley and yet never becoming part of its turmoil. Roughly, I should say Mr. Hoover is twenty years younger than when I saw him in the White House, and twenty years more vigorous.

They speak well of him in San Francisco. They like him. He is just a citizen. He goes to a midday luncheon at a club, he sits about with his friends, he visits freely. He has none of the mandarin tone of the retired President. He has all the simplicity of one to whom democracy is not only a faith but a habit.

Just a New Vocation

This I had not expected in Mr. Hoover. We in the East rather think of him as sitting on a university campus and sulking, far from the scene of action. We rather picture a man, who, having been disappointed, shut himself away from his friends and the world. Instead of that he simply changed his vocation in life. He ceased to be a President and became a citizen. He ceased to be surrounded by Secret Service agents, and walks the street like any man. He has permitted himself to become one of the crowd, and perhaps is happier.

No one can see Mr. Hoover in this attitude and this atmosphere without realizing what an essentially sound country this is. Almost anywhere such a Depression as Mr. Hoover's administration developed would have led to revolution and fighting, and he himself would have perhaps found it difficult to retire from the excitement and greatness to the peace of obscurity after a quarter of a century of

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public service. Yet here he is, able to step down from the highest office to the simplest life.

We apparently don't know Herbert Hoover at all in the United States. It is a little difficult to know a man as well as his valet, or for that matter as his chauffeur does. It was Mr. Hoover's chauffeur who drove me from Palo Alto to San Francisco, and we were talking about things; and in a moment of emotional self-expression the chauffeur exploded, "The old man's the greatest man in the world today."

Down in Iowa I came across a very curious situation for the United States. Farmers, agricultural school teachers, men on trains, all were telling the same story with great glee. It seems as though in the processing of pigs the great minds who processed the pigs had forgotten that it is all right to kill the males, but the females must be allowed to live. The result is that there are no sows in Iowa.

They told me that they were importing pigs from China, barley from California and oats from the Argentine, and that the main business of the railroads was to bring commodities into Iowa that had always grown in Iowa and made the Middle West famous. It is impossible quite to laugh this situation away because it has had the effect of demonstrating to the farmer that in his simplicity he had as clear an understanding of the situation as the great experts, and that although he may at times have produced too much, he protected himself against producing nothing at all. There is no enthusiasm in the parts of the corn belt that I visited, for the New Deal. They like the processing checks, but they don't like to pay for seeds from the Argentine.

A New Deal No Longer New

THE New Deal has, in these parts of the world, really become something quite old. The year 1929 is forgotten. What is remembered is the current situation. In the Middle West and in the Far West the antagonisms which I found last year toward bankers and Republicans seems to have passed away altogether. The distrust of the industrialists and even the monopolies seems not to be affecting public opinion. The banker has by no means become popular; there is still a very general sentiment that he might have averted the Depression. I was in Pittsburgh when the Mellon Case started, and I discussed the case with all sorts of people. Mellon as a man is hardly known and as a banker he is not liked. But I could not find anywhere any particular excitement on the subject. Nobody wanted Mellon to go to jail. Two years ago, they wanted all bankers to go to jail.

Among the workers a real fight is developing between the professional labor leaders and the new company union leaders. The professional labor leaders, as one sees them about the country, are mostly men who for many years have not worked at anything but leading labor. They constitute a distinct class in the community. They get decent salaries and have expense accounts and adopt the attitude of bosses toward the working men. They tell the working man what to do and expect him to do it, and the working man doesn't like it. In many factories men told me that as long as somebody in Washington or Chicago was appointing local labor leaders, the men would never stand behind the unions. I found this particularly true in the automobile industry.

The new type of labor leader comes out of the shop; in fact, he remains in the shop and usually makes his pay partly by working on the old job and partly by running the company union. Whereas the professional labor leader has as his constituency, workers scattered in many plants and often all over the country, the employee representative has as his constituents only the men in the plant. They know him and they know his capacity and his weakness. They selected him. If he fails on the job they can easily get rid of him, because the only support he has is the willingness of the men to work with him. In the Goodrich rubber plant, the men can actually exercise the recall. Whereas the old professional leader has an ace in the hole, because he is recognized by the American Federation of Labor, the new type of leader has nothing to support him but his success in winning consideration for the desires of the men. This, in fact, is an element of strength because he cannot afford to play national politics. He has to look after the welfare of the men.

A Leader in Action

I WATCHED one of these new leaders at work in a rubber factory. He was young and alert and the sort of man who would be elected president of a lodge or alderman in a ward. In other words he was the sort of man who gets elected to things. Whereas the old fashioned labor leader had to go in to see the boss to make demands on broad general principles, the new type can go in on specific details. He is most effective in enterprises in which there is a definite antagonism to the A. F. of L. because to encourage the workers to remain in the company union, the bosses are likely to make concessions through its officials which would be refused to A. F. of L. organizers.

I found that what the American worker wanted was more money and mostly that. Usually in a well set up industry such as this particular one that I was studying in Akron, Ohio, he got as much money as the traffic would bear. In many plants I knew it to be the case that the employers laid their cards on the table in conversations with worker representatives so that they actually knew what the traffic could bear.

But the worker has problems of seniority, of service credit, of special consideration or some details of relationship; and he is actually finding that the head of the company union somehow manages to get these little questions settled with extreme facility. Whether it is because the employer is more ready to treat with his own men, or whether it is because these details in themselves are so unimportant to the employer that he is glad to have them straightened out, really doesn't matter. What

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does matter is that while it is quite difficult for industry to meet the long list of demands, industry seems to be more than ready to meet immediate problems of individual workers, many of which involve long standing injustices.

Let us say that a man had been employed in plant "A" of a company seven years ago, and then had quit for six months and then got a position in plant "B" of the same company, and his service record gave him no credit for the period when he was employed in plant "A." For years he has tried to get this straightened out, and the foreman would not bother and the Personnel Department was uninterested, and maybe the rule was against him. But now the chairman of his company union can go along and perhaps in the course of a few minutes conversation get him those credits. To him it means seniority and increased pay and possibly the chance for better work. He therefore supports the company union against the American Federation of Labor because he gets something which can be measured in money as a result of his membership in the company union.

But industrialists and company union officials have told me that their stumbling block during the past year has been the foreman. Whereas industry seems to have been adjusted through collective bargaining, the foremen find that collective bargaining involves an increased measure of limitations on their authority. Decisions are made by industrial relations experts with the heads of company unions, and often over the heads of the foremen. This process makes for considerable politics within the plant; and that problem will have to be solved if collective bargaining is to be just and effective.

On the other hand, in all the industrial plants I have visited, I have found that some one man in management was trying to make a success of collective bargaining, and that a special group is developing in industry which will ultimately form a profession of being the representatives of capital in collective bargaining. In other words, just as a new labor leader is arising, so a new figure in management is arising—a man who concerns himself neither with production nor sales, but with labor relations. The men of this type I met in steel, rubber and automobiles, were practical and hard-headed men and curiously, considering which side of the fence they are on, generous in their attitude toward labor.

On this trip less politics and less theoretical economics were talked than on any of my previous trips. Men seemed to be down to cases, to brass tacks, to specific transactions. Not once did I hear a single expression of regret at the death of the N.R.A.

The business man who has come through the Depression seems to have a stout heart and a renewed faith in his abilities. The working man who is employed seems to feel that he has a vested interest in his job, and he will fight anyone, capital or labor, who will imperil that job.

The farmer who stuck through these five years on the farm without losing it, has begun to feel that he has seen more fool tricks in five years than he had seen during the rest of his life, but that it is all over.

The group which is still protesting loudly against the Depression and the Recovery is the professional class—doctors, lawyers, teachers. And professors seem to have become such a terrific bore that I have met men who will turn down an invitation to dinner when there is the slightest possibility of some brilliant economist from a university being present. The questions that come from audiences after lectures are more specific than general.

It is only possible for me on this sort of mission to respond to the atmosphere in which I am at the moment; and during the past month that atmosphere has been becoming steadily more conservative and steadily less pessimistic. Wherever I went I asked questions about the radio talks of the three mud-slingers: Hugh Johnson, Huey Long and Father Coughlin. It would seem that of the three the only one who gained anything in prestige or good will was Huey Long. The speech was taken seriously. Father Coughlin offended good taste very generally.

It Doesn't Go in the West

I DO not believe that I have in years listened to such positive *pros* and *cons* as when the name of the Priest has been mentioned. In his reply to General Johnson he offended it in two ways: first, by referring to the private life of General Johnson and then not coming through with a nasty story, and secondly, by his vicious attack on Mr. Baruch. Whomever I asked about it seemed to have the same reply—it isn't the business of a Priest to speak that way of any man. Whatever stories Father Coughlin may have heard about General Johnson, everybody has heard them all over the country; and I suppose that everybody repeats those stories. In fact, rarely in any part of the world have I listened to such filth about public men, and for that matter, women, as I have on this particular trip.

A reaction is setting in to that. The women of the country are beginning to resent it; and they are beginning to resent not only that their public men and women should have allowed themselves to become subject for gossip and scandal but that the stories should be repeated on every occasion. It used to be after-dinner and smoking-car conversation to tell a good one out of Washington; nobody wants to listen to it today. And when a Priest permits himself to refer to these stories in a public address, he imperils his influence in the country. I can say that more persons with whom I conversed referred to that paragraph in Father Coughlin's speech than to his economics.

Here on the West Coast Father Coughlin seems to have no influence, Huey is a curiosity and Johnson is a dodo. They have their own heroes—Townsend, Sinclair and many others. But taken all in all, in the great debate Huey seemed to be more dignified and less vituperative, and people liked it.

This country is still influenced by essential Calvinism.

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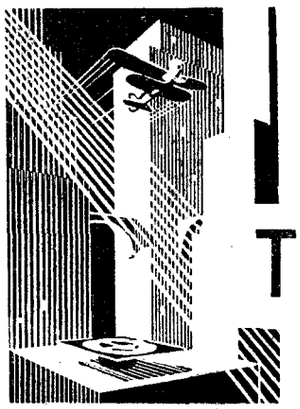

Talk of the Nation

Progress Reports

ON PLENOCRACY: The Plenocrats (just at the moment we forget what it is that they're after) have decided that the time has come to provide themselves with a practical source of revenue of funds to carry on their *cause*. While the New Dealers are laboring to cut down farm acreage, the Plenocrats have acquired 110 acres of farm land on the outskirts of Chicago and are planning to go into raising foodstuffs in a big way. The first crop of the entire farm will be horse-radish.

It may not be economically sound to glut the horse-radish market in such fashion, but horse-radish seems to fit into the philosophy of Plenocracy, which is: "Nature in action!"

ON PROHIBITION: The Nobles of Alcohol, the hierarchy of workers in the Alcohol Trust of the U.S.S.R., where complete abstinence was once a tenet of the Party, regret to report that they are 37 per cent behind in production in their Five Year Hard Liquor Plan.

ON LIMBURGER: Out Iowa way, two of Mr. Farley's warring boys of the P. O. Dept. have gotten together and agreed that it's not a stench. If you like it, it's a comestible and—shippable.

ON ARTS: The art critic of the *New York Times,* in reporting the Shinn exhibit, claims that it contains several *rococo* nudes.

O. B. E.

A RECENT TRANSATLANTIC CROSSING was not a very pleasant affair at the Captain's table owing to a long standing feud between the Captain and the Chief Engineer. The rivalry was intensified when, just before sailing, word came that through the graciousness of his Britannic Majesty there had been bestowed, upon the Captain, the Order of the British Empire (O. B. E.). During the crossing the Captain lost every available opportunity to keep his new distinction a secret. Finally the Chief Engineer could stand it no longer. He came to table one night to announce to the assembled guests that he, too, was an O. B. E.

"Oh, are you?" gushed the lady at his right.

"Yes," was the reply, with a glare at the Captain. "An Oil Burning Expert."

Teeth

IN THE EARLY DAYS of FERA, when there existed among not a few of the assistant chefs of the alphabet soup the idea that the Escoffier of the New Deal really intended that the government should do everything for its 126,000,000 (now believed to be about 140,000,000) citizens, an elderly man applied at relief headquarters in New York City. He proved the required degree of poverty. He also satisfied the spending agency that his greatest misery came from his teeth. He submitted indisputable evidence that all of them ought to come out. (1) Would the government stand for it—i.e., pay for it? (2) Would the government buy him a pair of store teeth?

As to the first request, the relief agency was pretty sure the government was prepared to do the handsome thing. As to the second, there was some doubt. The applicant was told to report back in a few days. In the meantime further queries would be made at State Headquarters.

The gentleman of the bad molars did as directed. When he made his next visit he was informed definitely that the government was prepared to pay for the extraction. No decision yet on whether Mr. Ickes was authorized to go into the open market for bridge work. Report back in a week, he was told, maybe there would be definite word then. He again did as directed. Again no definite word.

Well, the thing dragged on that way for months. Finally the glad news came, presumably direct from headquarters. The sufferer was told to go ahead and have his troublesome teeth pulled and funds for that part of the undertaking were immediately supplied.

When the operation was performed the now toothless applicant again appeared before his local relief board to receive the disheartening information that there had been a hitch somewhere; no funds for new teeth would be available until July, 1936! And nothing could be done about that.

There is a sequel to this sad tale. In the course of her travels Mrs. Roosevelt heard the story and when next she met the President of the United States he was told the story. Mr. Roosevelt was deeply impressed with this miscarriage of the best intentions of an all-benevolent government. He insisted that there must be a happy ending to the story. He asked Mrs. Roosevelt to have Miss Lorena Hickok, who not only serves as an efficient aide to the First Lady but who is also a special relief investigator for the White House, look into the situation and see that the Relief Administration (by special order) made full amends. The requested Presidential Investigation was speedily and efficiently made, turning up the following information: "Case closed. Applicant dead. Cause: malnutrition."

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Canadian

THERE HAS BEEN A BROADWAY LEGEND of many years standing to the effect that the best of goodwill did not exist between the Canadian people and that great American institution, George M. Cohan. The cause of the severance of the diplomatic relations is lost to antiquity; or at least lost from memory by the Broadway veteran who told us this story. In any event the idea that there was bad blood between the British Dominion and Uncle Sam's great vocal flag waver was so powerful, we are told, that Mr. Cohan himself approached the Canadian part of his road tour of *"Ah Wilderness"* with considerable trepidation.

Everything in the early stages of the Canadian swing convinced Mr. Cohan that the legend must be a myth. Nevertheless, Broadway's First Actor continued to fear the worst. He still had his fingers crossed when on a certain Canadian twilight on leaving a theatre after a matinee in Toronto he saw coming toward him down the alley leading to the stage door a belligerent appearing individual, most obviously on destruction bent. The Menace, which Mr. Cohan promptly decided was all Canada's disapprobation incarnate, came on, head lowered, muttering to himself. Mr. Cohan was convinced then that his worst fears were about to be fulfilled. The alley was narrow, contact seemed impossible to avoid, although up to the moment of meeting, the Menace, his head still lowered, did not seem to be aware of Mr. Cohan's presence. Then he spoke, saying, "Get out of my way you low-down Canadian," and pushed on, still full of purpose—toward the stage-door of the Canadian theatre.

More Land

A TRAVELER out of a far section of the Northwest, where he visited recently and which, although it did not produce one comestible blade of foodstuff last year, is booming with relief money as it never boomed in the days of Hooverian prosperity, returns to tell us of the dilemma of a family of four, consisting of a father, mother, a married son and his wife. The quandary, which had led to many long family arguments, rose out of the single question of what to do with the $1,200 cheque which had just been received from AAA for the previous season's *effort* of non-planting. The Old Man (the nominal head of the family) had taken little part in the conversations as to what should be done with the windfall. But at last he spoke, and with final and convincing authority.

"Tell ya what we'll do with it," he said. "Son Bob here has always wanted to go into farmin' on his own. High time he got started, too. We'll take the money and buy that quarter section of Andrews' cross the road."

Rehearsal

IF YOU REMEMBER that warm day last autumn when two grimy fellows in the newspaper ads looked pop-eyed out of a manhole at the exterior of a nearby restaurant to observe that "Childs' has changed," you may be interested in this additional information about the inside of the place. If not, you still may take satisfaction in knowing how to remember the ketchup.

All this makes sense when you retrace our experience on one of the recent days when nobody turned up to buy our luncheon. We dropped into the nearest depot of this rejuvenated chain (*"The Nation's Host from Coast to Coast"*) and ordered four fried oysters. When the quartet arrived we asked for ketchup, and astonishingly, the little green-and-white waitress (she was just green in the earlier phase) produced the ketchup cruet from her tray.

"That's one thing," she said, "that I'll never forget as long as I live!" At our insistence she explained things.

It appears that late every Friday morning in that quondam gymnasium of the flapjack, just before the first mid-day passerby succumbs to the pangs of hunger, the waitresses of Childs, with a committee of violently prejudiced critics, stage a rehearsal of the great event immediately to follow. Some serve at the tables with empty dishes and burnished feeding tools, while others realistically fill gaps in the ritual as dummy customers.

Before noon on the day of which we are speaking our waitress had been one of those afoot. With a touch of prophecy she had been balancing a plate with four hypothetical oysters. She had the ketchup too, and she swung it down to her "guest" with the same *verve* which had so aroused our own admiration. Her form, so to speak, was perfect—with one exception. When there's a cloth on the table the ketchup must be curbed by a saucer. And right now there was a cloth and there was no saucer.

And—practically direct quote—did she get hell!

Press

(*Continued from page* 10)

nored than the Englishman's late afternoon demand for tea.

It is interesting as a phenomenon, for at a precise split second of each baseball afternoon of the season, newsmen, particularly those who are not sport fans, must jettison their news judgment completely in so far as the front page is concerned. Between the dark and the daylight there comes a pause in the afternoon newspaper offices of the land when the sports departments take over completely. Baseball scores become the world's supreme concern of the moment.

There is a mechanical precision in handling late box scores and new leads direct by wire from the ball parks of the nation which even the unpatriotic nonconformist may admire. As a rule no more than half a dozen lines, devoid of any serious word painting, telling the news of the particular outcome of a particular contest gets onto the front page. The rest is in the "runover," most of it color and gossip about the players, written earlier in the morning or even the night before. The real achievement in the baseball extra is all on the front page, and almost all the credit for that achievement belongs to the desk men and to the make-up editor and his assistants. Since the news thus displayed and thus dispensed is practically the identical common product of all competing newspapers, the form of presentation becomes of supreme importance. A large element of the success in this effort thus goes to the proper handling and arrangement of type.

The necessity of news to make way for box scores and sports headlines is the conferring of an opportunity to display ingenuity on the part of the news editor in the small space left to him. His real mettle and value are tested and shown in his handling of this opportunity. The sports extra season thereby becomes a time in which the real ability and worth of afternoon news editors can be measured and appraised.

The customary amount of space

(*Continued on page* 58)

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Press

(*Continued from page* 57)

available on the front page for news is cut in half; in some cases there is an even greater reduction. The display space, speaking generally, all goes to the didoes of the big league players. This, in so far as the handling of the other news is concerned, means the imposition of an artificial condition requiring its presentation without the benefit of display, a condition somewhat analogous to that of the conservative press, particularly the journals of opinion on the Continent. With only a few hours each afternoon to experiment with this form, it must be said, again speaking generally, that the American news editors do not acquit themselves very creditably.

Books

(*Continued from page* 10)

inventive resourcefulness beside which the repetitions of Wolfe's prose-poems seem confessions of imaginative bankruptcy. Nor is it enough to point out, as Chamberlain does, that Melville was also guilty of mystical routings and uncontrolled verbal spasms. We know that Melville was acutely and bitterly conscious of these shortcomings in his work, that his creative heart was literally broken because he did not have the opportunity to revise and finish his books—"Moby Dick" was put into type page by page, as Melville wrote it.

The second characteristic that all the reviewers have hailed is Wolfe's ostentatious Americanism. Page after page of this second novel is filled with incoherent rhapsodies on America—or, more exactly, on the South and East. Although he stems from Whitman, and imitates Whitman's catalogues of American and Indian place-names, he seems to think of America as that stretch lying between Asheville, North Carolina, and Boston, beside the railroad tracks. His vision of America is indeed that of a man who looks out upon it from a Pullman window, and lets his imagination race, ungoverned by its realities; "Of Time and the River" is laid in Asheville (Altmount in the book), in Cambridge, in New York, in Paris and in Oxford. True, the European trip serves to convince Eugene Gant, the hero of the volume, that his place is in America, and he vigorously defends America, the America of picturesque and honest place-names, of overpowering restlessness and excitement, against the slurs of some elegantly infantile ex-patriots. But again the "Americanism" of the book stands out only in comparison with the novels of the people who have spent most of their lives abroad, or who are rooted in some special section, Tennessee or New Mexico or New England, which they identify with the country as a whole.

This is not to say that there are not some extremely suggestive and inspiring passages in "Of Time and the River." Parts of it are rich and lyric, and when Wolfe writes of his own people, of his own family and community, his talent is firmly under control; the literal accuracy of his observation is impressive. Moreover he understands that a high standard of accuracy is not incompatible with a lyric statement, and so avoids the weakness of Dreiser and others who wrote as if a "dull" life could only be written about in dull and uninspired language.

Wolfe is obviously at home with the "common people"—insofar as the common people mean the lower middle class Southerners, the salesmen, the landlords, the real estate agents—and he delights in their picturesqueness, their queer turns of speech, their repetitions, their homely philosophy; he is acutely conscious of the gap between their culture, the culture of baseball games, politics, local gossip, and the self-conscious "culture" of the isolated, cultivated, intellectuals. "Of Time and the River," like "Look Homeward, Angel!" is a dramatization of this theme; the basic pattern of the two books is determined by the conflict between the real culture of the people and the pretensions of the recognized carriers of "culture." As such it is of great value, though its value would be greater if Wolfe had selected, for his representatives of "culture," not the spineless and brainless frauds, but the most gifted and eloquent and best-informed figures to play off against the vital Gants. "Of Time and the River" is one of those novels that are highly and properly praised, but in most cases for the wrong reason, or in an undiscriminating fashion that, if generally applied, would make all our critical distinctions meaningless.

—ROBERT CANTWELL.

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Stage and Screen

(*Continued from page* 10)

ing that there no longer was such a thing as *a season* in theatres, is again becoming reconciled with the fact that summer is a period of inaction. The return to the old plan has come not on account of Depression alone, but because June, July and August are essentially outdoor months, aggravated by the discouragements of Daylight Saving Time; and—let this be whispered—Broadway's theatres of the personal performance are generally of an older type than the up-to-date movie house with its successful cooling system.

We speak of "the old plan." Nevertheless, the reversion is not all the way. Broadway in the summer of 1935 will not be as desolate as the rialto of a few years back, for easier transportation and a national recognition of the importance of vacations, have made New York a rallying-place for summer tourists; and Broadway is as importantly to be "done" by these as the Statue of Liberty, Rockefeller Center and the legendary Chinatown.

Consequently, one may expect the less expensive dramatic hit productions to take a chance and hang on, posting the required two weeks' notice and taking it down repeatedly with alternate discouragements and encouragements at the box office. Among the highly popular productions in this class are *"The Children's Hour,"* which will profit the more for dealing as it does with the forbidden subject of Lesbianism; *"Laburnum Grove,"* with Edmund Gwenn, mainly for Edmund Gwenn; *"The Petrified Forest,"* an excellent melodrama that ought to draw for its own sake, but which will be attended far more for the chance of seeing its star, Leslie Howard, in the flesh; *"Post Road"* with Lucile Watson, and *"The Old Maid,"* with Helen Menken and Judith Anderson.

Fresher endurance is to be expected of the more recent hits which have only started on the throng of playgoers resident in the town: *"The Bishop Misbehaves,"* with Walter Connolly, who had a similar part in a recent film on Chesterton's famous detective, Father Brown; the knockabout farce, *"Three Men on a Horse,"* and the brand-new comic, *"Petticoat Fever,"* its scene, laid of all places, in a radio station in Labrador, and starring, of all surprising persons, Dennis King.

While summer dries up this stream, Hollywood goes blithely on. It presents Charles Laughton in a new version of Harry Leon Wilson's *"Ruggles of Red Gap,"* and proves it to be one of the most uproarious films of the day. It takes a new advantage of the camera's facility for showing one actor simultaneously in two roles, and submits another hilarious talkie *"The Whole Town's Talking,"* starring Edward G. Robinson. It offers that astonishingly natural and lovable child, Shirley Temple, in *"The Little Colonel,"* with more heart throbs than even her preceding vehicle, *"Bright Eyes."* It gives us Ann Harding in *"The Biography of a Bachelor Girl,"* an interesting although scarcely epochal screen version of the S. N. Behrman stage success. And there is the blessing of another Will Rogers picture, *"Life Begins at Forty."*

But it is in the musicals that Hollywood shines at the moment. One of the best to see is *"Roberta,"* a worthy, eminently worthy, film translation of Max Gordon's Broadway bonanza that ended its road tour only on March 16, starring Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers and Irene Dunne. There is also the spectacular *"Gold Diggers of 1935,"* with Dick Powell and Gloria Stuart. And there is a lovely *"Naughty Marietta"* with Jeanette MacDonald.

—A. E. K.

Radio

(*Continued from page* 10)

be of the most scintillating variety. Ex-President Hoover was never a very sensational speaker, but when in 1932 an address of his was cut off before he had finished it, the protests were loud and long. Nor does it matter very much how high or low the politics may be. Sober thought will agree that the recent exhibition was not of the purest sort. In fact it was, on two sides at least, not much more dignified than a contest in nasty name calling. The real issues of the debate lay under a wise-cracking vocabulary which, while amusing enough, did not go very far toward illuminating the facts and problems of life in America.

But the interest was there, and it was held by something more than simply the gag and quip technique of the general, the priest and the Kingfish. It was an interest in basic tendencies and approaches of the present social and economic system. The interest was wide; it touched almost everyone within reach of a radio set during the

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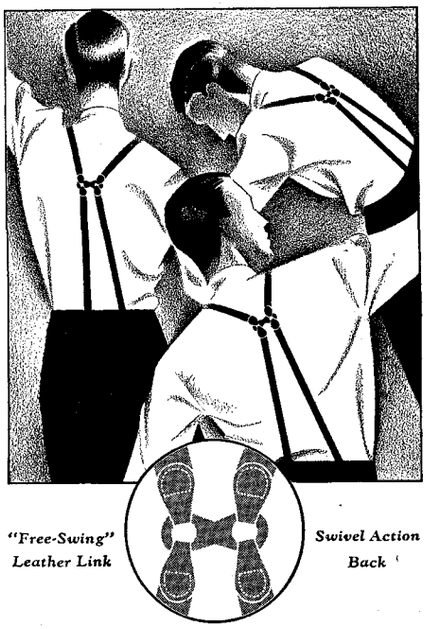

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who assisted Mr. Kiplinger in preparing this book. For past 14 years an analyst of governmental and business trends. Thoroughly grounded in politics, economics. Lawyer. Seasoned observer. Always sound, cool, well-balanced. Has wide reputation among Washington technicians for his objective attitude on issues when they are at their most heated stages.

INFLATION is now definitely under way. Not *because* of the Gold Decision. Not *despite* it. But because of a constantly increasing number of causes, circumstances, conditions, events. In the steady march toward Inflation this decision is merely one of the latest incidents. Among sophisticated observers, doubts as to the inevitable Inflation did not exist even *before* it was rendered. Even if it had been "unfavorable" to the Government it would *not* have prevented Inflation. New routes would have been found, new channels cut.

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encounter. New Dealers were happy to see two of the Administration's most annoying irritants at last spoken to in harsh and forth-right terms. More conservative folk with no approval for the Administration were also glad to hear them lambasted, for they regard them both as more radical than even the most wild-eyed brain-truster. Liberals and radicals were happy to see three sinister masters of the silver tongue beginning to scratch and fight—in the hope that they will thus tend to cancel each other out. Share the Wealth and Social Justice Union followers were, of course, delighted with the showing of their respective leaders. And every one of them had a good time while listening and thinking his thoughts about what he was listening to, if only because every human being enjoys a row.

The surprising thing, therefore, is not that the great radio chains of this country offered their time and facilities to three long talks which could not give them a definite financial return. They have suffered no loss in doing so. They secured the services of three of America's front rank entertainers—free. The entertainers were all veteran hands at the game. They worked hard, their performance was smooth and well thought out. They spoke clearly and loudly into the microphone, they all possess excellent radio voices. Finally, they brought undoubtedly countless thousands of listeners to their loudspeakers. What more could a broadcasting system ask?

Under Purple Cross

(*Continued from page* 18)

the wearer against all possible gases. There is a silent and tragic race between the producers of gas masks and the chemists who invent new gases which will penetrate all existent masks, with the latter of course a great distance ahead. The chemists can—indeed must—keep this lead for they cannot give away precious war secrets in gas formulae. It would be extremely imprudent of war ministries, in order to protect their own civil populations, to reveal these formulae by authorizing the making of masks which could successfully give protection against gases made from them.

"Like an impassable Moloch stands the obligation to keep a secret," says Professor Heinrich Zanzzer of Zurich. He admits that the problem is perhaps insoluble, but he suggests a possible way out. Filters are replaceable. Let the civil populations equip themselves with the most up-to-date masks. Let governments fabricate secretly and stock more effective filters which can cope with the secret gases in their arsenals. When war is declared, place these new filters on the market—the gas mask owner can quickly change filters. This plan, of course, does not take into account the sudden attack, without the declaration of war, which has been the case in Manchuria and the Chaco.

In view of these facts, we have to come to the disagreeable conclusion that there is absolutely no royal road to safety via gas masks.

Yet there is one type of mask which is proof against all gases, and, indeed, it seems it is also proof against any hardy person who has the temerity to try to use it. It is the Lemoine "closed circuit" respiratory. The wearer encloses himself in a sort of steel diver's bell which is equipped with a diaphragm of caustic potassium to absorb the carbonic gas exhaled, and a "cartridge" of peroxide of sodium which furnishes fresh oxygen. This "closed circuit" system must be renewed periodically, changing the potassium and the "cartridge." It is heavy, extremely uncomfortable, very cumbersome and cannot be used for more than four hours—less than a full night's vigil against gas. Moreover it is very expensive, costing approximately $40. Quite obviously the Lemoine respiratory does not solve the mask problem.

But the fighters against "violet death," tireless and undiscouraged, have devised other methods of protection.

"Shelters" is the *dernier cri* in Paris today, as gas masks were six months ago. A firm has placed on the market a portable, sheet metal hut, guaranteed to be absolutely air- and gas-tight. It looks like a fat version of one of those *chalets de nécessité* that malodorously dot French street corners. It contains an oxygen apparatus, and once the port-hole door is closed, it is said to be capable of being habitable for eight hours. Accommodating ten people, it can harbor one large family, or "clubs" of several smaller families and individuals. The cost is moderate, about $90.

This is obviously for the *bourgeoisie*. But what of the masses? So far plans for shelters accommodating hundreds

(*Continued on page* 64)

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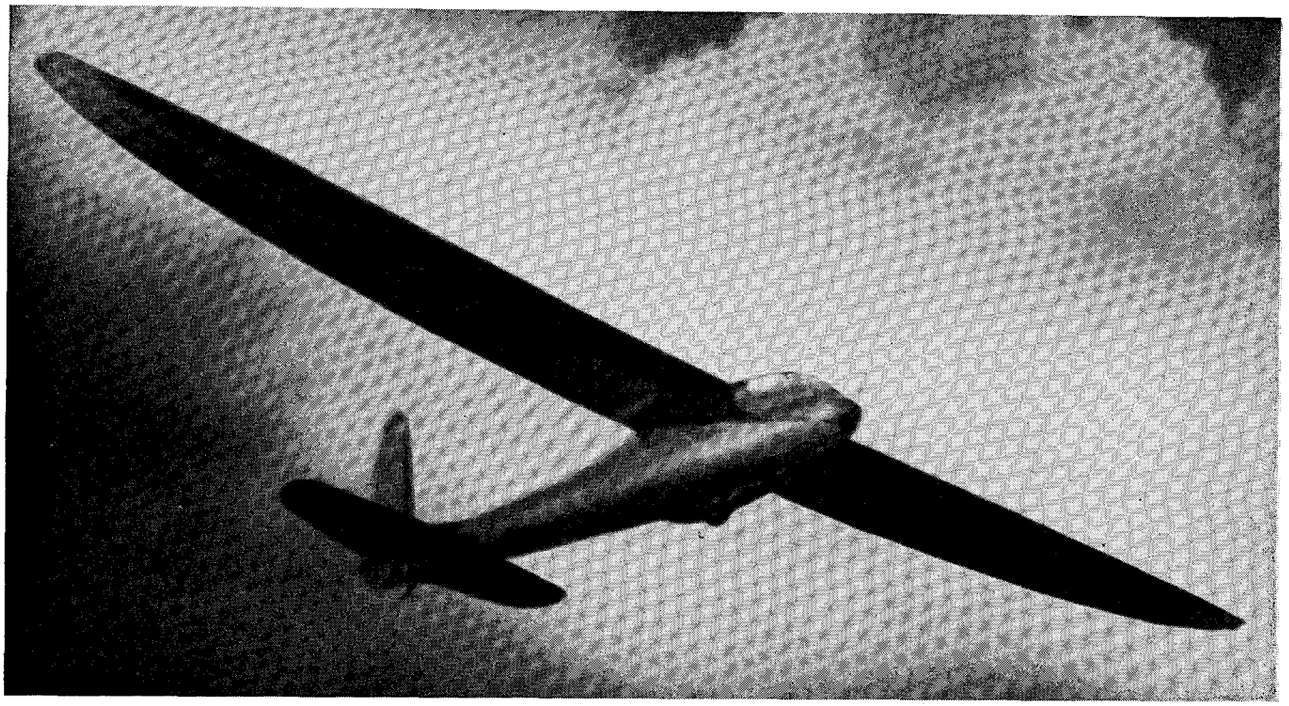

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Unseen currents keep this unpowered ship aloft . . . But expert as the glider pilot may be, his flight will be over as soon as he is deserted by his luck in picking out the invisible, favorable currents ahead.

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What Users Think of J.B.L.Cascade

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When I ordered my J.B.L. I weighed 103 lbs. Today I weigh 118 lbs. and gaining rapidly.

I have a good appetite now and enjoy what I eat and I give J.B.L. all the credit.

Believe me I will gladly tell everyone I know who are suffering from toxic poisoning about the J.B.L.

Words cannot tell how thankful I am that I found your ad in True Detective Magazine.

You may use my letter if you wish.

Yours truly,

(Signed) MABLE SIMONSON,
(Dec. 14, 1934),
Grace, Idaho.

★

Worth Ten Times Its Price: I have bought and used many of your Cascades. Have used it for many years and would not think of being without one for ten times the price.

THOS. P. RYAN (Jan. 14, 1934)
520 Market St., Spencer, W. Va.

★

Cascade Brings Relief from Constipation: I have had my Cascade for nine months and I certainly wouldn't do without it for any price. I was troubled with constipation for five years and didn't get much relief until I got your Cascade. I cannot praise your Cascade too much for what it has done for me.

NORMAN ANDERSON,
Route 3, Box 68, Wakefield, Nebr.

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87 Years Young: Have used the Cascade for about twelve years. I am in perfect health. Do not need to use the Cascade now as my bowels are just like a young person's. Am now young at 87. The J.B.L. Cascade has done the job. Of course I did not use it haphazardly, I used it every day all these years. Now I have my reward.

JAMES NESBITT,
(June 4, 1934),
Schoolcraft, Michigan.

★

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F. M. BROWN,
(June 1, 1934),
249 N. Main St., Harrisonburg, Va.

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G. M. LEWIS, *Manager,*
(June 22, 1934),
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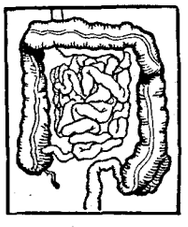

The lower intestine, 4 to 6 feet long, where poisons generate and are absorbed into the blood stream.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horse-shoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet, "Why We Should Bathe Internally," to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls. These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies.

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Under Purple Cross

(*Continued from page* 61)

of people—subterranean halls and giant tunnels designed to accommodate not only people but cars and trucks—are still largely on paper. To date, the only ones to take form are the hospital shelters installed in Paris at the Invalides and in Versailles. In the latter place, the mediæval cellars of a chateau have been converted into a shelter capable of containing from four to five hundred persons.

The French and Germans go in for shelters. For the Italians and Japanese, evacuation is the thing.

Italy has drawn up an elaborate system of evacuation of city populations to go into effect on the declaration of war. The Italian government divided people into three classes. Those whose occupations are the least necessary to the life of a city during war time will be sent into the country—to relatives, to tent cities or to temporary barracks. Those whose occupations absolutely require them to remain in the daytime must become "chemical commuters," taking train or bus to suburban camps for the night. Finally those who must carry on their work at night are permitted to stay and observe only the usual precautionary measures. These and other instructions have been placed on phonograph records and sold widely.

It is dreadfully clear, then, that once a poison gas attack on a city becomes effective, the victims, no matter how well they may be treated with home remedies and no matter how many doctors there may be within call, stand almost as little chance as soldiers in the trenches. All the chances point to slow attendance for casualties. A city under the pall of a gas attack will inevitably be a city of confusion, if not of panic.

It is this grim expectation, together with a mixture of groping hope and fatalistic dubiety, that has made all these preparations so feverish, and, although organization is far from lacking, so many-sided as it were, so sporadic. When the most eminent psysicist of France, Professor Langevin, insists that "really no apparatus can be a protection against the terrible chemical danger," hope is transferred from masks to shelters. And when sheltering organization is found to be complicated and expensive, evacuation gets its turn.

About this, the opinion of General Duchêne, Inspector General of the Defence of French Territory, is rather ominously important. "One must have the courage to say: in time of war we shall never, in a perfect manner, shelter all the people of a large city against bombs and gas. . . . The invalids, women and children, even workmen and tradespeople who are not absolutely indispensable to the life of a city, should have their refuge fixed in a zone outside of the city."

Even with all these preparations the General's conclusion has a sinister ring, "If out of 100 human lives, we can save, preventatively, one half, the efforts made and the results obtained will be a just recompense." This is not as bad as the so-called hysterical gas propagandists claim, with their assertions that a fleet of planes can wipe out London or Paris, but it is bad enough. Every other person a fatality!

It is no wonder, then, that while war colleges and half-pay colonels wrangle, governments are hastily fumbling with preparations for the worst. France has appropriated 20,000,000 francs for a Passive Defence fund. The German government has created and subsidized the *Reichsluftschutzbund,* a league to organize the civil population for Passive Defence, with the cooperation of official experts and government surgeons. In Soviet Russia, the *Osoaviachim,* an organization placed under control of the state and including more than 15,000,000 members, is spreading information about protective measures.

The following is an impressive list of countries which have taken active steps in Passive Defence: Austria, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Finland, Jugo-Slavia, Latvia, Poland, Roumania, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland and Turkey. Virtually all continental Europe is thus organizing to meet chemical warfare against non-combatants.

Britain? There, for some mysterious reason, no governmental organization has been started to provide for Passive Defence. In spite of agitation in the press and Parliament, in spite of John Galsworthy's words "All hangs, for us, on safety from air attack; even the wise can understand that," in spite of the fact that a book on Passive Defence was one of last season's best sellers, the National Government has not followed France, Germany and Italy in Passive Defence organization. There has been much speculation as to the reason for this, but there seems to be no other explanation than Britain's traditional policy of "muddling through."

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